

SCHOOL PLAYS FOR ALL OCCASIONS





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SCHOOL PLAYS

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

By

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and, with Emma L. Johnston, joint author of
"A Book of Plays for Little Actors"*



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To the memory of
My Sister
who helped me make this book

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THE BEE-HIVE
A PLAY FOR LABOR DAY

CHARACTERS

QUEEN BEE

ZUM-ZUM, *a Herald*

SHOO-SHOO, *a Constable*

PEG-AWAY

LOOK-ALIVE

MIGHT-AND-MAIN

DO-OR-DIE

PITCH-IN

TRY-TRY

*Worker
Bees*

SIT-AROUND

LAZY-LUMP

SHIRK-WORK

GREEDY-GRAB

SLEEPY-HEAD

DILLY-DALLY

Drones

CUDDLE-UP

SNUGGLE-DOWN } *Two little larvae*

The Bee-Hive

A PLAY FOR LABOR DAY

SCENE. *The interior of a bee-hive. A small open door shows bright sunlight without. The Queen sits on a throne, surrounded by all the other bees kneeling in ranks on both sides. All are asleep with wings over their eyes. Zum-zum awakens, looks out of the door, then takes stand before the throne.*

Zum-zum. Buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz, buzz, buzz. *(All the bees stir, yawn, stretch and begin to rise.)* Rise, O Bees! The first sunbeam is peeping through the door of our hive. The night is past. The morning light calls us to labor. Rise, O Bees, salute your queen, and enter upon your daily toil.

Bees (flying about). Buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz-zummy-zum-zum, buzz, buzz, buzz. *(Making obeisance.)* All hail, Queen Bee!

Queen Bee. Good morning to you all, my busy bees. It is a lovely day. Let us lose no time in getting to work. Where are the workers? Zum-zum will call the roll.

Zum-zum. The worker-bees will now answer to their names. Peg-away.

THE BEE-HIVE

Peg-away. Present.

Zum-zum. Look-alive.

Look-alive. Present.

Zum-zum. Might-and-main.

Might-and-main. Present.

Zum-zum. Do-or-die.

Do-or-die. Present.

Zum-zum. Pitch-in.

Pitch-in. Present.

Zum-zum. Try-try.

Try-try. Present.

Zum-zum. All the workers are present, your majesty.

Queen Bee. Very good. Now call the roll of the drones.

Zum-zum. The drones will now answer to their names. Sit-around.

Sit-around. Present.

Zum-zum. Lazy-lump.

Lazy-lump. Present.

Zum-zum. Shirk-work.

Shirk-work. Present.

Zum-zum. Greedy-grab.

Greedy-grab. Present.

Zum-zum. Sleepy-head.

Sleepy-head. Present.

Zum-zum. Dilly-dally.

Dilly-dally. Present.

Zum-zum. All are present, your majesty.

Queen Bee. Now listen to your orders for the day.

THE BEE-HIVE

It is such lovely weather, I am going out for a flight in the sky. In my absence, I leave the hive in charge of our brave constable, Shoo-shoo. Shoo-shoo, be on the watch to keep order like a good police-bee. You will patrol as usual before the door.

Shoo-shoo. Yes, your majesty, and if anyone disturbs the peace, inside or out, I know my duty. (*Salutes, goes out, and patrols up and down, outside of the door.*)

Queen Bee. You drones, keep out of the way of the workers. You have been very troublesome lately. I have warned you more than once, that when you try our patience too far, you'll all be massacred. Remember that. Now go to your places in the corners, and stay there out of the way. (*They slink off.*) Now my dear little workers, the first business on hand is to make the honey-comb. Pitch-in and Try-try, bring out the wax that was made yesterday, and Peg-away will help you build the pretty six-sided cells. Look-alive and Might-and-main, get some nice fresh pollen, and make the bee-bread for breakfast. Do-or-die, it will soon be time to waken the larvae and wash their little faces.

Peg-away. When shall we all go out and gather the honey, please your majesty?

Queen Bee. After breakfast, when the flowers will all be open. Now good-bye all, be busy bees until I come back. (*Exit.*)

Bees (bowing low). Buzz-zz-zz! Good-bye, Queen Bee. (*The bees all hum as they work, making a con-*

THE BEE-HIVE

inuous low humming. *Might-and-main, Look-alive, and Do-or-die all go out. The drones, seated in the two front corners of the stage, begin to yawn, nod, popple over, and sleep in picturesque groups. They snore as they inhale, and buzz as they exhale. Zum-zum helps the appointed workers build cells, bending and fitting together the wax flakes. Might-and-main enters and takes pollen in yellow handfuls from side pocket, placing it on a ledge of the honey-comb. A little falls to the floor, and Greedy-grab sliely creeps up to get it.)*

Zum-zum. That's good pollen, *Might-and-main*; where did you get it?

Might-and-main. From a big yellow flower by the fence. (*Exit, nearly tripping over Greedy-grab.*)

Zum-zum. I'll knead it into bee-bread for breakfast. (*He kneads it. Sleepy-head sees Greedy-grab eating, and crawls to share pollen on floor. Other drones wake, and begin to follow. Look-alive, entering, steps around and over the drones.*)

Look-alive. These drones get in the way so!

Zum-zum. Here, you drones, keep out of the way. (*To Look-alive.*) Let us push them aside. (*They push drones. Drones kick and resist, roll against honey-comb and knock some of it down. All jump, and buzz.*) Police! Police! Police! (*Enter Shoo-shoo.*)

Shoo-shoo (*driving drones into the corners*).
Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! (*He thumps floor with club and glares about.*) Behave in this bee-hive!

THE BEE-HIVE

Zum-zum (from behind *Shoo-shoo*). If you try our patience too far, you will all be massacred!

Shoo-shoo. Yes. You drones remember that! (*Exit impressively. Worker bees resume working and buzzing. Look-alive helps Zum-zum. Drones take sleepy attitudes at front corners.*)

Sleepy-head. *Lazy-lump*.

Lazy-lump. Uh?

Sleepy-head. Did you hear what he said about a massacre?

Lazy-lump. Yes, but I don't believe it.

Shirk-work. Neither do I. They just say that to scare us. (*Enter Do-or-die, with towel, sponge, and hand basin. She sets them down before curtained cell. She then draws the curtain and reveals sleeping larvae. She shakes them. They wake, crawl forward, and hold up their faces to be washed. She washes each.*)

Do-or-die (as she wakes and washes the larvae). Come, little larva! Wake up, larva! Come out, little ones, and have your faces washed. That's it! Oo running 'ittle sing! Laugh a 'ittle bit! Hi-kitchee-kitchee! Agoo! (etc.)

Zum-zum. Buzz-zummy-zum-zum! Buzz-zummy-zum-zum! Buzz-zummy-zum-zum! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! (*Bees stand at attention.*) All bees will now stop working and take five minutes for breakfast. We have bread and honey this morning. Line forms to be right. (*Other workers all enter. Workers start to form line. Zum-zum takes up jar marked HONEY,*

THE BEE-HIVE

the drones make a disorderly rush for it, nearly upsetting Zum-zum.)

Zum-zum and Workers. Police! Police! (*Enter Shoo-shoo.*)

Shoo-shoo. Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! (*He drives the drones to the end of the line, pounds on the floor, and glares until there is silence.*) Behave in this bee-hive!

Zum-zum (from behind Shoo-shoo). You drones! You have been warned,—you will all be massacred some day.

Drones (laughing disrespectfully). Ha, ha, ha, ha! We've heard that before.

Shoo-shoo (pounding till all are silent). Believe it or not! It behooves you to behave in this bee-hive! (*He takes stand at head of line, receives bread and honey and goes out. Look-alive slices bread, and each in turn takes a slice. Zum-zum spoons honey from a jar, and puts some on each slice as they pass him. The workers stand in a row and eat daintily. The drones arrive to be served.*)

Zum-zum (looking into the jar). No honey for the drones! There is only enough left for the larvae. (*Covers jar and hands it to Do-or-die.*) You drones will have to eat dry bread.

Drones (stamping and shaking fists). Buzz-zz-zz!

Zum-zum. Here. (*He hands loaf of bread to drones. They snatch it rudely, tear it to pieces, and retire to corner, eating and grumbling.*)

Zum-zum (looking out of the door). Oh, the

THE BEE-HIVE

sweetest flowers are now wide open! Come, we must all go and gather honey.

Workers (joyfully). Buzz-zz-zz! (They adjust their side pockets and fly out, only Do-or-die remaining behind to place a saucer on the floor beside each larva, and pour some honey into each saucer. The larvae watch her, smiling with anticipation.)

Do-or-die. Here's your breakfast, dear little larvae. Nursie is getting it ready. (Tastes it.) M-m-m! Here it is. Now lap your honey, little ones, while I go to gather more. (She adjusts side pockets and goes out. Greedy-grab crawls over to the side of a larva, pulls away its saucer of honey and begins to lap from it. The larva begins to cry. Other drones wake up, and the nearest in like manner rob the other larvae. They replace the empty saucers, and retire chuckling. The larvae all boo-hoo. Peg-away enters.)

Peg-away. Why, what makes the larvae cry like that? Oh, I see. They have no honey in their saucers. Do-or-die has forgotten to feed them. The poor little babies are hungry. Here, little ones, I'll fill your saucers for you. (She pours honey from her wallet into the saucers, the larvae stop crying and begin to lap, and Peg-away flies out. Immediately, the drones roll or crawl over and steal the honey as before. Then they retire and pretend to sleep, while larvae cry aloud. Enter Might-and-main.)

Might-and-main. What? The larvae crying? Have the drones been teasing them, I wonder? (Approaches and scans drones.) No, they are fast asleep.

THE BEE-HIVE

Now what ails those babies? Oh, I see. Somebody has forgotten to feed them. Here. (*She fills the saucers. Larvae eat eagerly. Might-and-main flies out. The drones seize the saucers of honey. The larvae cry and whimper.*)

Drones (rocking with laughter between lapping).
Ho! Ho! Ho! (*Enter the Queen unseen. She watches a moment then conceals herself behind the throne. Her antennae may be seen extending above the back of the throne.*)

Lazy-lump. Ho! Ho! All the honey we want!

Greedy-grab. This is three saucers I've had.

Sleepy-head. It pays not to work.

Sit-around. And the best of it is, we are so safe. Those babies cannot talk and no one will ever know.

All the Drones. That's true. No one will ever know. Ho! Ho! Ho! (*Greedy-grab slaps another drone on the back and then throwing his head back with laughter, suddenly stops, his eyes on the antennae. After a moment, he points them out to the others. All instantly hush, put down the saucers and back away toward the front of the stage. There they turn forward, put their heads together and confer in low tones.*)

Greedy-grab. Someone is behind the throne.

Shirk-work. It is some worker, spying upon us!

Sit-around. If she tells — Oh! O-oh!

Sleepy-head. What must be done?

Greedy-grab. We must capture that worker and frighten her so that she will not dare to tell. Come.

THE BEE-HIVE

(They tiptoe to the back. Greedy-grab kneels on the seat of the throne and suddenly seizes one of the antennae in his hands.) How dare you spy on us! Come out! *(All the drones taking fierce threatening attitudes.)* Come out! You spy! *(Greedy-grab pulls the antennae around the back of the chair and the Queen appears. The Drones leap back and fall to their knees.)*

Drones. The Queen!

Queen *(whose antenna is badly bent)*. Help! Police! Police! Help! *(Enter Shoo-shoo.)*

Shoo-shoo. The Queen! *(Workers all rush in, crying, "The Queen! The Queen!" They surround her. The last to arrive stand on the outskirts of the crowd wringing hands, weeping and trying to peer at the Queen between the bees who surround and minister to her. Exclamations are continuous—such as,—“Oh, terrible!” “Our Queen!” “Is she hurt!” “Oh, think of it!” “How dreadful!” At length Look-alive is induced to turn from the inner circle to answer questions.)*

Do-or-die. Is she badly hurt?

Look-alive *(nodding)*. Yes.

Several. Where? Where?

Look-alive *(pointing to her own)*. In her antenna.

Do-or-die. Is it broken?

Look-alive. No, but it is badly sprained. *(The crowd now separates, and the Queen is seen, being supported to her throne. Her antenna still bent has a little white bandage around it. When Queen is*

THE BEE-HIVE

seated, workers form in orderly ranks at each side of the throne. The drones are seen in the extreme corners in attitudes of terror. Silence.)

Queen (solemnly). The time has come.

All the Workers (in low tone, echoing). The time has come. (*Zum-zum, at one side, gets paper and writes.*)

Queen. Where is Shoo-shoo, the police-bee?

Shoo-shoo. Here, your majesty.

Queen. Arrest the drones.

Shoo-shoo (bows to queen, then drives drones before the throne). Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Here they are, your majesty.

Drones (falling on knees). Mercy! Mercy!

Queen. No mercy! You have had your last chance. Zum-zum. (*He bows.*) State the charge against the drones.

Zum-zum (reading from paper). The charge against the drones is idleness, misdemeanor, larceny and high treason, in that they have refused to work, hindered the workers, robbed the larvae and committed assault and battery upon the Queen's antenna.

Drones. Have pity! Spare us! Mercy! Workers, plead for us!

Queen. Workers, the drones appeal to you. Do you know of any reason why they should be permitted to live? Have they ever helped to build the comb, to store the honey, or keep the hive, or care for the larvae? Have they ever done anything useful? If so, speak. (*Pause.*) Drones, no one speaks for you.

THE BEE-HIVE

You have tried our patience too far. I, therefore, Queen of the Bee-hive, now pronounce sentence of the court, which is, that all drones shall be massacred forthwith. Shoo-shoo, execute the sentence.

Shoo-shoo (to workers). Attention! Draw your stings! (Workers draw little daggers from their belts.) Massacre the drones!

Workers. Buzz-zip! Buzz-zip! Buzz-zip-zip-zip! (On each zip, they lunge forward one step, threateningly; on zip-zip-zip they rush forward to make a semi-circle around the drones, screening them from the audience. A mêlée follows with furious buzzing by all and the workers force the drones out of the door with stabbing gestures. All disappear except the Queen sitting sternly erect on the throne, and little Do-or-die, who is feeding and petting the larvae. Buzzing outside ceases.)

Shoo-shoo (outside). Three cheers for a good riddance.

Workers (cheering without). Buzzah! Buzzah! Buzzah! (The buzzing begins anew, changes to time of a march to which workers enter, led by Shoo-shoo.) Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz-buzz-buzz! etc. (They march once around.)

Shoo-shoo. Halt! (They stand.) Sheath stings! (They obey.) May it please your majesty, the drones are all massacred.

Queen. Well done! We'll never be troubled with them again. Now to celebrate this happy event, let us thoroughly clean and ventilate the hive. Spread

THE BEE-HIVE

your wings, my busy bees, smooth down the wax, polish the floor, and fan in the sweet fresh air.

(*Music. Dance of the workers with movements suggestive of the work denoted.*)

CURTAIN

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

Worker Bees. Short dresses of dark brown cambric, dull side out. Several petticoats of the same, each one somewhat longer and scunter than the one above it, to give an effect of a tapering body. Brown stockings and sandals. Brown band around the forehead, to which are attached small antennae made of wire. Wings suggested by a full cape of net (brown or black mosquito netting will do) attached at the back of the neck, vertically between the shoulders and down the outside of the sleeves. The bottom of the cape may be cut into two deep scallops on each side. When the arms are raised, the effect is like spreading wings. When the head is bent, and arms crooked around it, the effect is that of "wings over eyes," called for in stage directions. Each worker wears a brown baldric over one shoulder, supporting a pocket or wallet on the opposite hip. The baldric must pass under the cape so as not to hamper the wing action. A brown belt around the waist supporting a small silver dagger in a brown sheath, completes the costume. Daggers can be made of wood or cardboard painted with aluminum paint or covered with silver paper. (Do-or-die wears, also, a white cap and apron.)

Drones. Jackets and bloomers of brown cambric, shiny side out. Drones should appear fatter than the workers, with bloomers very round and full. In other respects like the workers.

Zum-zum. Like the workers, with the addition of a broad gold baldric over one shoulder from which should hang a small megaphone. Through this, all official summons are given.

THE BEE-HIVE

Shoo-shoo. Dark blue policeman's costume, with gilt buttons, and policeman's hat and club. Wings like those of the other bees. Antennae attached to hat.

Queen Bee. Dress and petticoats like the workers, but edged around with narrow gold bands. Narrow gold belt, gold collar, gold cuffs and gold bands around the sleeves at the elbow and shoulder should suggest division into segments. The queen should be taller and slimmer than the workers. Antennae like those of workers, but attached to gold crown instead of brown forehead band. Wing-cape of ermine instead of net. (Imitation ermine is made by streaking white flannelette with black crayon.)

Larvae. Tight white baby caps. Entire bodies including arms swathed in white bags, like round bundles. They, thus, have no power of bodily motion except to squirm.

Honey Comb. Large squares of white paper, marked with gray lines into large hexagons, may be pinned against rear wall like a high wainscot. Five or six tables or large packing boxes may be covered with similar paper, and piled at one side to represent another portion of the comb partly finished. One of these tables projects to form the ledge on which the pollen is kneaded, and on which stand the saucers, bread-knife and honey-jar. Another of the tables is covered with a white cloth falling to the floor, forming the curtained cell. The larvae lie on the floor beneath this table, until Do-or-die lifts the cloth and drags them out. The wax flakes are sheets of white cardboard, previously creased and cut so that they can readily be folded into hollow hexagonal prisms. The workers who pretend to be making comb fold the flakes and then attach the hexagons with paper fasteners. They can be piled up rapidly and effectively.

Pollen. Short paper chains of large links of yellow paper, look like magnified masses of pollen. When Zum-zum kneads it, she can interpose her person between the pollen and the audience and then surreptitiously throw it down behind the table; and with the assistance of another bee, casually passing, substitute for the pollen a nice big loaf of real bread previously hidden behind the table.

THE BEE-HIVE

Throne. A chair with a back high enough to conceal the queen standing, all except her antennae.

Honey. The honey to be poured into the saucers, etc., had better be entirely imaginary.

DIEGO'S DREAM
A PLAY FOR COLUMBUS'S BIRTHDAY

CHARACTERS

DR. VENDOZA, *a philosopher from the University of Cordova.*

BROTHER PAOLO, *a Spanish schoolmaster.*

VASCO DE FONSECA

RUDOLFO DE BOBADILLA

PIETRO DE ROLDON

ALFONZO DE OVANDO

FRANCISCO DE AGUADO

DIEGO COLUMBUS

} *Spanish schoolboys.*

In the Dream.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, *Admiral of the Ocean.*

JUAN DE LA COSA, *mate of the Santo Maria.*

MANUEL

LUIS

SANCHO

} *Seamen.*

OTHER SEAMEN.

Diego's Dream

A PLAY FOR COLUMBUS DAY

PROLOGUE

When Christopher Columbus set out from Spain on his first voyage of discovery, he left his motherless son, Diego, at a school for boys in Cordova. As we all know it was many months before Columbus returned—months of trial and suspense, not only for the great discoverer, but also for the lad he left behind. The time of our play is October 11, 1492, the darkest hour before the dawn, Columbus far away on the unknown sea, and the lonely schoolboy trying to keep up a brave heart in Cordova.

THE PLAY

(PLACE: *A boys' school in Cordova, Spain. The interior of the room shows a teacher's desk on one side, and pupils' benches and desks in rows opposite. There are chairs for visitors, a dunce stool, a picture of FERDINAND and ISABELLA on the wall over the teacher's desk, and on the wall facing the audience, a large map of the world as known before the discovery of America. There are two doors, one leading to an adjoining room, and the other to the schoolyard. As*

DIEGO'S DREAM

he curtain rises, Diego is discovered at his desk studying, while the other boys group in the center about Pietro.)

Pietro. We'll play it this way. We'll be the soldiers and you'll be the banditti; and we'll try to arrest you, and haul you to jail.

Francisco. It really won't be fair though,—there are three of you soldiers and only two of us banditti.

Rudolfo. Yes, we ought to have another bandit.

Alfonzo. I'll get Diego. (*Too quickly to be stopped, though several murmur, "No, no."*) Diego, we're playing *Banditti and Soldiers*. Will you be a bandit?

Diego (rising with interest). Me? Why, yes, I'd love to. (*Stiff pause.*)

Vasco. I don't care to be in it. (*Walking off.*)

Rudolfo. I don't either. (*Walking off. Stiff pause.*)

Diego. On account of me, I suppose. Oh, I don't want to play. (*Returning to seat.*) What did you ask me for?

Pietro. Yes, Alfonso, what did you ask him for?

Alfonzo. Well, I thought he'd make a good player. I forgot about his low birth.

Vasco. Don't forget it again, Alfonso.

Rudolfo. He ought to remember it himself.

Alfonzo. Yes. He ought to remember it himself. Diego, you ought to know better than to push yourself in, even if I did ask you.

Vasco. Yes. You must realize yourself, Diego, that

DIEGO'S DREAM

It is quite impossible for the sons of Spanish grandees to associate with one of low parentage.

Diego (flashing up). A son of Columbus is of the highest parentage. (*Burst of laughter, led by Alfonso.*)

Pietro. A son of Columbus!

Alfonzo. With what an air he says it!

Pietro. The crazy admiral!

Francisco. Formerly a weaver!

Several (teasingly). Weaver! Weaver!

Diego. My father is Admiral of the Ocean!

Rudolfo. Admiral of Jailbirds! The only way he could get men to enlist with him was by taking cut-throats out of jail. Admiral of jailbirds,—that's what he is.

Diego (facing him with clenched fists). You stop! You stop or I'll ——

Rudolfo. What'll you do? (*Towering over Diego.*)

Diego (shrinking away). I'll—I'll —— (*With irrepressible sob.*) I'll run away from this school! (*Burst of laughter led by Rudolfo.*)

Francisco. Oh, leave him alone. Come on and play. (*Boys run to side, away from Diego.*)

Pietro. Get in behind the desk. That'll be the way. You others form in front like soldiers. (*Boys sleepfully obey. Diego remains apart with downcast head. Enter Brother Paolo, escorting Dr. Vendoza. Boys instantly stand at attention.*)

Brother Paola. This is our classroom. (*Dr. Ven-*

DIEGO'S DREAM

doza looks around.) And these are the young noblemen who study here. (*To the boys.*) Young gentlemen, we are greatly honored to have with us to-day a distinguished visitor, a most learned philosopher from the neighboring university of Cordova,—Dr. Vendoza.

Dr. Vendoza. Good morrow, noble youths, and pax vobiscum!

Boys (bowing low). Good morrow, reverend sir.

Dr. Vendoza. The noblest of pursuits is the pursuit of learning. I congratulate you all, learned teacher, and youthful scholars (*bowing to each*), on your high and worthy occupation.

Brother Paolo. I need not impress upon you, young noblemen, what an honor it is to have this famous scholar take an interest in your education, and I trust you will do your best to-day, for the credit of the school. Will you sit here, Dr. Vendoza? Take your places, boys. (*They obey, Brother Paolo at the desk.*) We will open school as usual with morning hymn and patriotic salute. (*They rise, Brother Paolo gives the pitch, beats time, and leads in singing.*)

All (singing or chanting). Laudate, pueri, Dominum. Laudate nomen Domine. Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus, et super coelus gloria ejus.

Brother Paolo. Let us salute our sovereigns. (*All kneel on one knee, and turn eyes toward the picture over the teacher's desk.*)

All. I pledge allegiance to my sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Spain by royal descent and divine right.

DIEGO'S DREAM /

Brother Paolo (to Dr. Vendoza, as the boys resume their seats). We always begin the day in this manner.

Dr. Vendoza. Most edifying, Brother Paolo.

Brother Paolo. It awakens a pious and dutiful spirit, in which to approach our studies.

Dr. Vendoza. Excellent! And what is the first lesson this morning, Brother Paolo?

Brother Paolo. Geography, reverend sir. Class, take the map for your geography lesson. (*He takes the map and stands beside the map. The boys turn in their seats to face the map on the wall.*) What does the map represent? Class, read. (*He points to letters under the map.*)

Class (in concert). Map of the entire earth.

Brother Paolo (pointing). What sea is this?

Class (in concert). The Mediterranean Sea.

Brother Paolo. Why is it so called, Pietro?

Pietro (rising). The Mediterranean Sea is so called because it is the middle of the earth. (*Sits.*)

Brother Paolo. Has this sea any outlet, Vasco?

Vasco (rising). The Gates of Hercules. (*Brother Paolo points.*) So called from the tradition that the pillars on either side were set there by Hercules. (*Sits.*)

Brother Paolo. Correct, Vasco. Alfonzo, name the kingdoms of the earth in order, as I point.

Alfonzo (rising). Portugal, Spain, France, Venice, Grecia, Syria, and Armenia,—all Christian lands; and to the east lie India, Cathay, and the island of Fungo, which be heathen lands. (*Sits.*)

DIEGO'S DREAM

Dr. Vendoza. A good answer. The lads know their geography, I see.

Brother Paolo (pleased). I trust they do, reverend sir. Ahem! Attention! The subject of to-day's instruction will be the zones and boundaries of the earth. All give attention. (*He points to the map as he speaks, throughout the lesson.*) The world is divided into three zones. At the north is the frozen zone, where the earth ends in mountains of ice. At the south is the burning zone, which ends in a boiling sea. Between the frozen zone and the burning zone lies the inhabited zone, where all the people of the earth live. Class, repeat the names of the zones as I point.

Class (in concert). The frozen zone,—the burning zone,—the inhabited zone.

Brother Paolo. Attention. I will now instruct you concerning the boundaries of the earth, in the east and in the west. In the east, the earth ends in vast impenetrable swamps. (*To Dr. Vendoza.*) We teach according to the philosophy of Ptolemy.

Dr. Vendoza. Ah, yes.

Brother Paolo. It is in these swamps at the edge of the world, that dragons and gorgons have their horrible lairs.

Dr. Vendoza. I have myself seen pictures and carvings of dragons, which have been brought from Cathay by travelers.

Brother Paolo. Indeed! Now, pupils, we have given the boundaries of the earth on three sides. Name them, Rudolfo, as I point.

DIEGO'S DREAM

Rudolfo. Mountains of ice,—vast swamps,—boiling sea.

Brother Paolo. Right. Now for the western boundary. West of Portugal, the only land to be found is this group of islands called the Azores. Beyond the Azores, the ocean extends all the way to the end of the world. And mariners report that strange currents and roaring noises from this direction indicate beyond a doubt that the waters here end in a vast whirlpool.

Dr. Vendoza (nodding). Ay, young gentlemen, from this we learn that Providence has appointed the middle of the earth for Man's abode.

Brother Paolo. Even so. And mortals who travel too far in any direction thus defy the will of God, and are certain to meet an awful doom.

Diego (rising). My father says the earth is round. (*All turn to look at Diego. Astonished pause.*)

Brother Paolo. Diego Columbus, take your seat.

Diego (eagerly). Nay, Masters, my father gave me a globe. (*Coming forward with a small globe, taken from his desk.*) Let me show you. You are wrong, Masters,—indeed, indeed, you are wrong. The earth is not flat with boundaries, as you say, but round like this ball. The sea goes around —

Brother Paolo. Hush, Diego!

Diego. —around the other side —

Brother Paolo. Order!

Diego. —the other side of the earth. Master—here—see—and its outer edge (*Brother Paolo ap-*

DIEGO'S DREAM

proaches to take Diego by the collar) washes the shore of India!

Brother Paolo (seizing Diego). What do you mean? What do you mean by such conduct? How dare you? How dare you contradict your teacher?

Diego. My father says——

Brother Paolo. That's enough of what your father says!

Diego. —the earth is round.

Brother Paolo. Hold your tongue, you bad, impious boy! Hold your tongue! (*Shaking him so that he drops the globe.*) Here! (*Putting dunce-cap on his head.*) You are a dunce. Get up on this stool. Now stand there. Shame on you! Class, attention! The earth is not round, but flat,—flat like the floor under our feet. Class, repeat.

Class (in concert). The earth is flat like the floor under our feet.

Brother Paolo. School dismissed for recess. (*Strikes bell, and boys exit to schoolyard, Diego remaining on stool, very downcast.*)

Brother Paolo (looking at Diego). Disgraceful! Scandalous! (*To Dr. Vendoza.*) I am so mortified that such behavior should be seen in this school. Who could have foreseen it?

Dr. Vendoza. I could hardly believe my ears. Who is this shameless boy?

Brother Paolo. He is the son of Christopher Columbus, who sailed from Palos last August, to seek a new route to India.

DIEGO'S DREAM

Dr. Vendoza. Ah, I have heard of him. [*In low tone.*] He has not returned?

Brother Paolo. No.

Dr. Vendoza. H'm! [*Pause, both men shaking their heads slowly and exchanging significant looks.*]

Diego [*noting their looks and starting forward*]. My father will return! He will! He will! And he'll prove you all wrong. The earth is round, rou —

Brother Paolo [*thrusting him back on the stool*]. Be still, you stubborn boy!

Dr. Vendoza. He should be flogged.

Brother Paolo. Indeed he should, but he is under the special protection of Queen Isabella.

Dr. Vendoza. Queen Isabella should be told how bold and unruly he is.

Brother Paolo. Yes. Diego, how will Queen Isabella like it to find you so ungrateful, after all she has done for you?

Diego [*distressed*]. No, no, I am not ungrateful, —never ungrateful to the good queen.

Dr. Vendoza. You are ungrateful, very ungrateful, to misbehave in the school to which she has sent you,—to contradict your teacher, and say that the earth is round. Such wicked heresy!

Brother Paolo. Yes, Diego. You had better let your conduct be more seemly in future. And now, reverend sir, shall we repair to the refectory? [*Opening door.*] There is a slight repast prepared, which I hope you will not refuse. [*The door shuts behind them.* *Diego looks after them in silence for a mo-*

DIEGO'S DREAM

ment, then throws off his dunce-cap indignantly, gets down from his stool and recovers his globe from the floor. He strokes it, lays his cheek against it, thinks, sighs, goes to his desk, spreads out a large handkerchief to make a handkerchief bundle of his belongings. Enter Alfonzo.)

Alfonzo. What are you doing? Packing up your things? O-oh, you're going to run away!

Diego. Yes. I am.

Alfonzo (running to door to beckon). Hey, fellows! *(They enter.)* Look! Diego's going to run away. *(Boys stare at Diego.)*

Diego (packing). Yes. I'm going to leave. I did want to get an education. My father told me it was my chance. I've worked hard, too. But I can't stand the way I'm treated here, and I'm not going to try any more. I'm going to run away. *(Rises with bundle.)* Let me pass! *(Boys teasingly interpose between Diego and door.)*

Vasco. Going back to live in a hovel, I suppose, and be a weaver like your noble ancestors.

Several (teasingly). Weaver! Weaver!

Diego. Can't you leave me alone now? You've done enough, haven't you? You've driven me out. Let me go, can't you?

Francisco. Let him go, I say. We don't want him. Let him go.

Pietro (winking at others). But what shall we say to his noble father when he returns in grandeur and asks for his princely son?

DIEGO'S DREAM

Diego (hotly). He will return, and he'll put to shame all his cruel mockers.

Pietro. No doubt, no doubt!—Unless his ship is even now plunging over the edge of the world.

Alfonzo (gleefully). Sucked round and round in the whirlpool.

Diego (in distress). It isn't so! It isn't so! Those tales aren't true.

Rudolfo. Of course not. His father's ship couldn't go down in the whirlpool.

Diego (astonished, but beginning to hold out his hand to Rudolfo). Why—why—why—thank you, Rudolfo.

Rudolfo (grinning). Of course not! Remember the kind of crew he has, all jailbirds, and cutthroats. Could he make them go on and on and sail to the edge of the world? Never! They'd throw him overboard. (*Grinning spitefully.*) And that's why your father doesn't come home! (*Diego gasps.*)

Francisco (sharply to Rudolfo). That's enough! That's enough, I tell you. (*Drawing Rudolfo toward the door.*) Come away. Come on out, and let him alone. (*Rudolfo laughing harshly goes out, and other boys also laugh and exit.*)

Francisco (ushering out the last of them). Leave the poor orphan alone! (*Exit.*)

Diego (horror-struck). Orphan! (*Stands, motionless, then covers his face with his hands, and sinks to the floor with his head on the bench.*) Perhaps it is true, what they say! Perhaps he has gone over the

DIEGO'S DREAM

edge of the world, down, down into the black whirlpool! (*Shudders, then looks up bravely.*) No, no! That cannot be!—But oh, the crew! The cutthroats and jailbirds! They'd stop at nothing. And Rudolfo says (*trying to think calmly*) that my father could not make them obey him,—and the reason he does not come back is because they have thrown him overboard—and he's drowned—and I'll never see him again ——— (*Breaks down and sobs.*) My father! My father! Where are you? Where are you? Are you gone forever? Oh, if I could only see you again! If I could only have one glimpse of you! My father! My father! (*He presently masters his weeping and breathes quietly. His head rests on the bench, his body relaxes, and his hand slipping down from his face shows that he is asleep. The wall parts upon an inner scene, showing his dream. The deck of the Santa Maria is seen, Columbus at the prow gazing forward, the crew, with ugly looks, grouped astern. Manuel is gazing back, Luis ahead. The dialogue which follows is a dramatization of Miller's poem on Columbus, and the actions which are suggested to accompany the lines should be promptly executed, so as not to spoil the rhythm of the poetry.*)

Manuel.

Behind us lie the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules!

Luis.

Before us not the ghost of shores,
Before us only shoreless seas!

DIEGO'S DREAM

(The mate approaches Columbus and attracts his attention.)

Sancho (pointing out the mate's action to the other sailors).

The good mate speaks!

Mate (to Columbus).

Now must we pray,

For lo, the very stars are gone.

Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?

Columbus (curtly, over his shoulder).

Why say, "Sail on. Sail on and on."

(The sailors murmur, clench hands, or touch their dirks, or otherwise show suppressed anger.)

Mate (aside to Columbus, warningly).

My men grow mutinous, day by day.

(The eye of Columbus flashes, but the mate quickly placates him by indicating the appearance of the men.)

My men grow ghastly, wan and weak.

(The mate turns away, gazes afar, and presently brushes away a tear.)

Luis (aside to Sancho).

The stout mate thinks of home—(significantly)
a spray

Of salt wave on his swarthy cheek.

(Sancho nods understandingly.)

DIEGO'S DREAM

Mate.

What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?

Columbus (facing mate with stern command).

Why you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on. Sail on. Sail on and on."

(The sailors appear dejected and sullen, but dare not show anger under the eye of Columbus.)

Luis (sinking down despairingly on a coil of rope or other seat).

We sail and sail as winds may blow,
With never-ending seas ahead!

Mate (more vehemently, to Columbus).

Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
The very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—

Columbus (doggedly through clenched teeth).

Sail on. Sail on. Sail on and on!

Sancho (suddenly pointing off).

A storm's at hand!

(Sailors look and show excitement.)

Speak once more, Mate!

Mate (pointing off, and addressing Columbus).

This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

DIEGO'S DREAM

With lifted teeth as if to bite.

Brave Admiral, say but one good word,—

What shall we do when hope is gone?

(Sinking on one knee.)

Admiral! One word—one word—

Columbus (in ringing tone, with most commanding attitude, face uplifted, arm outflung).

Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on!

(The sailors appear awe-struck, some recoiling, some swaying forward, as they show submission or hope. Tableau. The wall of the schoolroom closes noiselessly. Pause. Brother Paolo enters, takes bell in hand, and starts to cross to outer door. He stops on seeing Diego, and gazes down on him.)

Brother Paolo. What—oh, I see,—cried himself to sleep! Is he dreaming, I wonder? *(Gazes thoughtfully.)* There is something—something in his face that goes to my heart. Poor friendless boy! After all, his offenses have a noble root, they arise from his loyalty to his father. I'll try to be more kind and patient with him. *(Exit toward schoolyard. The bell is heard without. Diego wakes, gazes at the wall, rises, and stands rapt as though still seeing his vision.)*

Diego (murmuring). Sail on and on! *(Enter the other boys.)*

Francisco. Hello! He didn't run away.

Alfonzo. Look, Diego is here yet.

Vasco. Aren't you going to run away?

DIEGO'S DREAM

Pietro. I thought the son of Columbus was going back to his hovel.

Diego (with uplifted look). A son of Columbus will never turn back.

Alfonzo (aside to the others). What has come over him? (*Diego turns away, sees his bundle, and with air of decision picks it up.*)

Pietro. Look. He's unpacking his things.

Vasco. Look here, Diego, I thought you decided that you wouldn't try to get an education,—you were going to give it up.

Diego. Oh, no, I'm not going to give up—I'm going on! (*Tableau. His last words have the ring of his father's, and the grouping as he faces the others, suggests the closing tableau of the dream. After a brief moment, Diego quietly sits and begins to study. Curtain.*)

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

Schoolboys. Doublets, and hose or knickerbockers. The smaller boys may wear smocks instead of doublets.

Brother Paolo. Simple scholar's gown of black or brown.

Dr. Vendoza. A scholar's gown and cowl of black with facings of some rich color.

Columbus. Doublet and hose, with a full long cape, and simple round hat with small plume or cockade at the side.

Juan de la Cosa. Similar to Columbus, with a shorter cape.

Seamen. Colored shirts and knickerbockers, diversified by bolero jackets, colored sashes knotted at the side, earrings, kerchiefs bound around the head, dirks in belts, high boots with flaring tops, or simple low shoes.

SCOTCH GRACE

A PLAY FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

CHARACTERS

MABEL, *a little girl*

HER MOTHER

HER FATHER

THE SCOTCH FAIRY

| | | |
|--------------|---|---------------------------|
| STARRY-TWINK | } | <i>Assistant fairies.</i> |
| MOON-BEAM | | |
| PEARLY-DEW | | |

Scotch Grace

A PLAY FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

Mabel discovered in the kitchen.

Mabel. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! What a Thanksgiving day! I'm sure I haven't anything to be thankful for. We always used to have a big dinner on Thanksgiving Day, with turkey and gravy and vegetables and two kinds of dessert, and now Mother says this year we're too poor to buy anything extra. She says I should be thankful for what I have. H'm! (*Shows meat and potato in a wooden chopping bowl.*) Look at that. Just some left-over potatoes and meat to be chopped into hash. HASH! and that's every bit I'll get for my Thanksgiving dinner. (*Chops disgustedly. Enter Mother.*)

Mabel. Is this chopped fine enough, Mother?

Mother. Oh no! Not yet. Chop it evenly and well, Mabel. We want the hash to be especially good for Thanksgiving Day.

Mabel. I think I might have something besides hash for Thanksgiving Day.

Mother. You have bread and butter and a glass of milk and a beautiful apple for dessert. You ought to be thankful.

Mabel. H'm! Thankful for those common things!

SCOTCH GRACE

—I want plum pudding and ice-cream and mince pie, and —— (*Bell rings.*)

Mother. Hush, Mabel. Here comes your father. Don't let him hear any such naughty speeches. (*Enter Father.*)

Father. Ah, it's nice to get home. (*Sighs.*) I'm tired.

Mother. It's too bad, John, that you had to work on Thanksgiving Day. (*She hangs up his coat and hat for him.*)

Father. No, no. I'm thankful for an extra day's work. It means an extra day's pay, you know. Here, Mabel—(*gets card from pocket*) there was a postal card in the letter-box for you. (*Hands it to her and goes to door.*) Call me when dinner is ready. (*Exit. Mother begins to take dishes from cupboard.*)

Mabel. It is a Thanksgiving postal from my teacher.

Mother. How kind of her! What does it say?

Mabel. It says—*Scotch Grace*—by Robert Burns. (*Reading.*)

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some there be that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat
And sae the Lord be thankit.

Mother. Isn't that pretty? (*Looks at card.*) You ought to hang it upon the wall. (*She takes coal scuttle and goes out. Mabel pins the card to the wall and looks at it as she chops the hash.*)

SCOTCH GRACE

Mabel. Yes, the Scotch Grace is very pretty!
(*Repeats the verse as she chops in time to the rhythm.*
As she ends it, the Scotch Fairy springs into the room.
She is dressed in filmy white with gauzy wings, but
wears a Scotch plaid over one shoulder and a Scotch
cap.)

Scotch Fairy. At your sairvice, lassie! And what might be your will of the Scotch fairy? (*Mabel stares.*) I say hae ye ony commands for the Scotch fairy? (*Mabel stares.*) Hoot, lassie! Canna ye speak? What for did ye summon me?

Mabel (wonderingly). I did not summon you.

Scotch Fairy. Aye, ye did. Didna ye tap sae?
(*Gives three taps, then three more, then five.*)

Mabel. Oh, yes, as I was chopping the hash and reading my verse. (*Repeats two lines with chopping.*)

Scotch Fairy. And ye dinna ken that knock is a charm? Ah, ye got it frae a lilt o' Bobbie Burns. He's the lad that knew how to charm. Well, let me tell ye, that knock has power to summon me. And when ye tap it, aye I'll come to ye, for come I maun.

Mabel. And you are really a Scotch fairy? Can you grant wishes?

Fairy. Aye, and I'll e'en grant ye three of them:—but remember this—I'm a Scotch fairy and aye thrifty. I'll gie ye three wishes, ane at a time, never twa.

Mabel. Oh, that's all right. I do not want two wishes at once. One wish at a time will do nicely. Oh, isn't this wonderful! Three wishes. Now what shall I wish for?

SCOTCH GRACE

Fairy. Mayhap ye wish for naught. I see ye hae grand food, here.

Mabel. Ugh—nothing but hash! I despise hash.

Fairy. Hoot! Mony a Scotch lassie hae naught but porridge. Ye need to learn a bit o' Scotch thrift, my lassie.

Mabel. I know what I'll wish for first of all.

Scotch Fairy. Speak.

Mabel. I wish I had a big, big dinner of turkey and gravy and vegetables and pumpkin pie! (*Scotch Fairy takes attitude with wand extended. Pause.*)

Mabel (impatiently). Well! Well!

Fairy. Hist—I'm casting a spell. (*She slowly draws a figure in the air.*)

Mabel (still more impatiently). Oh, can't you do it a little faster? Hurry up, do!

Fairy. How dare ye speak to me like that? I tak my ain time when I do magic. But I'll cure ye o' your impatience. (*Mabel is jumping up and down with impatience. The fairy touches her with her wand. Mabel sinks listlessly to her seat and takes languid pose, with eyes half shut.*)

Fairy (waving wand over her and pacing about her).

Hae your wish, ye silly lass,
All ye said shall come to pass,
Hae your pudding, pie and meat
Aye (*laughs*) and see if ye can eat.
Now the magic words I say—
Hoo—keroo and hay—keray!

SCOTCH GRACE

Starry-twink and Moon-beam fair,
Bring the viands thro' the air.

(Music. Enter Starry-twink, Moon-beam and Pearly-dew, bearing covered dishes of silver or gold. They march around and stand on either side looking to Mabel for orders.)

Mabel (coldly). What have you brought me? (Starry-twink kneels and lifts cover of dish for Mabel to see contents. This can be done so that the audience does not see into the dish, thus dispensing with necessity of elaborate properties representing food.)

Starry-twink.

Roasted turkey, nicely browned,
Dainty slice or drumstick round,
Stuffing seasoned to a dot,
Delicious gravy piping hot,
White meat, dark meat, all for you.
Pray, which shall I help you to?

Mabel (sighing and speaking languidly). I don't want any. I have no appetite.

Moon-beam (presenting her salver in like manner).

Vegetables! A pleasant sight!
Mashed potatoes, creamy white,
Turnips with a golden gloss,
Onions nestling in their sauce,
Celery so crisp and fair.
Take your choice of all I bear.

SCOTCH GRACE

Mabel. I don't feel like eating anything. I don't know what has come over me.

Pearly-dew (in like manner).

Fairy of Dessert am I,
See the pudding and the pie!
In the pudding see the plums,
Plump and big as my two thumbs.
Sauce, the triumph of the cook,
Sweetly melting while you look.
Next I bid you turn your eye
On this massive pumpkin pie.
Crust as delicate as lace,
Frames its brown and golden face.
Shall I cut a piece for you?
And will you have some pudding, too?

Mabel. No, thank you! I couldn't eat a bit. I don't know what ails me. I have no appetite. I dislike the very sight of food. But oh, I was forgetting. I have two more wishes. I know what I'll wish for next. I wish for a great big, big, big appetite! (*The fairies all leap out with their viands, the Scotch Fairy taking the bowl of hash.*)

Mabel (leaping up). Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm hungry. Oh, I never was so hungry in all my life! (*Looks around.*) Where's that dinner? (*Looks again.*) What, have the fairies taken it away? Well, isn't that too mean! Oh, I could eat it now. Oh! how hungry I am! I won't stand being treated like this. I'll give the magic knock and summon the Scotch fairy

SCOTCH GRACE

again. (*Looks for bowl of hash.*) Well, if she hasn't taken away my chopping bowl. I'll talk to her. (*Knocks on the table. Scotch Fairy appears.*)

Scotch Fairy. What's your wull?

Mabel. What do you mean by taking away my beautiful dinner that I wished for?

Scotch Fairy. Why didna ye eat it just now when ye had it?

Mabel. You know very well. You bewitched me so that I had no appetite.

Scotch Fairy. To be sure, and gin ye hae no appetite ye canna eat. I gave ye just what I promised ye.

Mabel. You promised me three wishes.

Scotch Fairy. Ay, but I said ye couldna hae twa at a time. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! When ye made your second wish it was good-bye to your first. Ane wish at a time was all I promised you. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Farewell, ye silly lassie. (*Exit.*)

Mabel. Oh, what a trick! I cannot have the dinner and the appetite both at the same time. What good is a dinner with no appetite? Or what good is an appetite with no dinner? Oh, how hungry I am! Oh, I could eat anything. I must have something. I'll get a piece of bread. (*Opens cupboard.*) Empty! Oh! That tricky fairy has left me with not a mouthful of food. (*Paces about.*) Oh, what shall I do? Oh, I am so hungry! So hungry. Oh, I wish —— (*Puts hand over mouth.*) No! If I wish for anything to eat I'll lose my appetite and be unable to eat it. Oh! what a fix I'm in! I shall starve. Oh, I

SCOTCH GRACE

wonder if I could find any crumbs anywhere! (*Searches on table and then on floor.*) Oh, I can't find even a crumb! (*Weeps, then looks up.*) I have one wish left, you cruel fairy! Listen and grant it wherever you are. I wish that I might wake up and find this all a dream! (*She sinks in sleep on the floor. Soft music. Enter fairies. Scotch Fairy stands center making figures in air with wand as though casting a spell. She moves toward the door. Enter Starry-twink, who presents covered salver to Scotch Fairy. Scotch Fairy touches it with wand and Starry-twink opens it and takes out a platter full of hash, which she sets in the oven, but leaving oven door partly open. Scotch Fairy again points to door. Enter Moon-beam and presents salver. It is touched in like manner with the wand. Then Moon-beam takes it to cupboard and from it places on the shelf a loaf of bread, a dish of butter and a pitcher of milk. Similarly Pearly-dew is summoned and produces a dish of apples which she holds aloft, while the others spread a cloth on the table. She then places dish of apples in the table center, and all the fairies group near the door.*)

Fairies.

Not in vain the wishes three,
Changed thou art and changed shall be,
Bitter was thy punishment,
But thy gain is sweet content.
Now farewell! We soon shall seem
But the vision of a dream.

SCOTCH GRACE

(Scotch Fairy waves wand and the other fairies suddenly clash empty covers and salvers like cymbals. At the crash, fairies exit and Mabel starts up, awake. Enter Mother and Father.)

Mother. What was that noise? Why, Mabel is on the floor!

Father. Did you fall from your chair, child?

Mabel. I don't know.

Mother. You look as though you've been asleep.

Mabel. Where are the fairies?

Mother. What? Fairies! Come, wake up, Mabel. You have been dreaming.

Mabel. Oh! *(A light breaking.)* I have my wish! It was all a dream.

Mother. Well, dinner's ready now. Help me put it on. *(Father places the chairs and Mother cuts the bread.)*

Mabel. What's in the oven? Oh, hash! M-m! How good it smells. *(Claps hands and takes it to table.)* I do like nice brown hash. And oh, the red, red apples! Oh, Mother, what beauties they are! *(Mother puts on bread and butter and pours a glass of milk for Mabel's place.)*

Mabel. Oh, just look at that bread and butter! Won't I eat it though? And milk—a beautiful glass of milk! Oh, say, but this is nice!

Father (smiling). Why, Mabel, it sounds as though you have a big, big appetite.

Mother. She always has that, I am thankful to say.

Mabel (nodding her head). So am I! Gin ye hae

SCOTCH GRACE

no appetite, ye canna eat. (*They gather round the table.*) Oh, Father, let us say Scotch Grace to-night, will you? Robert Burns wrote it. Here it is on my postal card.

Father. Teach it to us, Mabel.

Mabel (gravely).

“Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some there be that want it;

(*Joyously.*) But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.”

(*All three join hands around the table and reverently repeat the verse together as the curtain falls.*)

EVERYBODY HAPPY
A PLAY FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

CHARACTERS

SQUIRE HARDHEART.

MRS. HARDHEART.

TOMMY HARDHEART.

THE DOG.

THE CAT.

SANTA CLAUS.

SUNNY-SMILE.

JOLLY-JOKE.

CHEERY-SONG.

PRETTY-LOOK.

SWEET-WORD

LOVE-PAT.

} *Little Christmas Fairies.*

Everybody Happy

A PLAY FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

ACT I

TIME: *Christmas morning.*

PLACE: *A roadside.*

(Curtain rises on chorus of Christmas fairies, waving wings, tripping about, and singing.)

Fairies (Tune, Upidee).

Christmas day at last is here,
Christmas day, Christmas day,
Christmas fairies now appear,
Greeting Christmas day.
Here they flutter, there they dart,
Dancing into every heart.
Christmas day at last is here,
Christmas day, Christmas day,
Christmas fairies now appear,
Greeting Christmas day.

(Fairies dance, expressing joyful greeting. Enter Santa Claus.)

Fairies (with a shout). Santa Claus, Santa Claus! Santa Claus, Santa! (They form a tableau, some clinging to him, some holding out arms to him.)

EVERYBODY HAPPY

Santa Claus. Ah, my dear little fairies! (*Caressing each in turn, patting their heads, chucking their chins, etc.*) Ha, ha, ha! Jolly-joke, you always make me laugh. Sunny-smile, it warms my heart to see you. And here's Love-pat, the darling, and Sweet-word, bless her, and Pretty-look, gay as ever,—and Cheery-song,—where's she?

Cheery-song (*singing as she dances from behind Santa and curtseys to him*). Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!

Santa Claus (*taking her face in his hands*). Ah, here you are, Cheery-song,—what should we do without you? Well, dears, so you have come again from Fairyland to do your Christmas work of making everybody happy on Christmas day. Bless your hearts! Bless your hearts! (*They all turn away and hang heads.*) Why do you hang your heads? What is the matter with you?

Sunny-smile. We can't make everybody happy this year, Santa Claus.

Santa Claus. Can't make everybody happy this year! Why not, I'd like to know? Who can remain unhappy, when Sunny-smile, and Jolly-joke, and Sweet-word, and Cheery-song surround them?

Jolly-joke. Oh, Santa Claus, we have discovered a terrible place.

Sweet-word (*pointing off*). At the foot of Merciless Mountain.

Pretty-look (*pointing*). On the shore of Loveless Lake.

EVERYBODY HAPPY

Cheery-song. There stands the grim mansion of old Squire Hardheart.

Love-pat. We were just flying by when we happened to see the house.

Pretty-look. So, of course, we looked in at the window.

Sunny-smile. We intended to knock and go in and make everybody happy, didn't we, sisters?

All the Fairies (nodding). Yes!

Sunny-smile. But we didn't dare. Oh, Santa, the sights we saw!

All the Fairies (hiding their eyes and shuddering). O-o-oh!

Sunny-smile. And the sounds we heard!

All the Fairies (with hands over their ears and shuddering). O-o-oh!

Sunny-smile. There was Squire Hardheart raging at his wife, and she scolding at the boy, the boy tormenting the dog, the dog worrying the cat,—and oh, the ugly snarls, the spiteful looks, the hateful words, the hubbub and horror,—just think—on Christmas day! Oh, Santa, can you picture a home like that?

Pretty-look. And when Squire Hardheart began to shake his fist ——

Sunny-smile. We all flew away as fast as we could.

All the Fairies. And we'll never go there again!

Santa Claus. Oh, Fairies! For shame! Oh! *(Very gravely.)* I'm so disappointed in you!

All the Fairies (startled). What?

Santa Claus. You should have gone in. It was

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your duty. (*Walking away with hands behind him and shaking his head.*) You didn't do right. No, you didn't do right!

All the Fairies (following him). But, Santa Claus—Santa Claus—but listen, Santa Claus——

Santa Claus (turning around). Let's sit down here by the roadside and talk it over. (*He sits on log or stone at one side, and the fairies drop to the ground and sit cross-legged before him.*) Now, see here, you Christmas fairies, isn't it your business to make everybody happy?

All the Fairies. Yes, Santa Claus.

Santa Claus. Well, here were some very unhappy people.

All the Fairies. Oh—but they were wicked people.

Santa Claus. Who so unhappy as the wicked? Oh, what good you could do if you went to Hardheart Castle! How sadly they need you there! You, Sunny-smile, could smooth away their frowns. You, Sweet-word, could soften their cruel tongues. Pretty-look, you could grace their home with beauty. Jolly-joke and Cheery-song could make that wretched place ring with music and laughter. And you, little Love-pat, how they need your tender touch! Think of those poor, poor people—Christmas day—and all they have is scowls and tears and growls and jeers—it's the most pitiful case I ever heard of. Oh, Fairies, Christmas is young yet,—why not pay them a visit now? Come—help them—come——

All the Fairies (springing up, huddling together,

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and shrinking away). No—no—no—oh no—we dare not!

Santa Claus (after a pause). Well—I must say I'm disappointed in you. (*Rises.*) There never was anybody more in need of the Christmas fairies than the Hardhearts of Hardheart Castle. (*Exit.*)

Sunny-smile. Oh, Fairies! Did you hear what Santa Claus said? He said he was disappointed in us.

Cheery-song. But Santa Claus is unreasonable.

Jolly-joke. Hardheart Castle! I wouldn't go there for anything.

Other Fairies. Neither would I.

Love-pat. Oh, sisters! I feel a pricking in my thumbs, as if something wicked is drawing near.

Other Fairies. So do I. (*Rubbing their thumbs.*) Where can it be? (*Looking about apprehensively.*)

Jolly-joke (pointing off). Oh look! (*They look.*)

Sweet-word. Is it a witch?

Cheery-song. Why, it looks like the Squire's wife.

Other Fairies (variously). What! Mrs. Hardheart? (*Looking.*) So it is. Yes, it's Mrs. Hardheart.

Love-pat. She has a basket on her arm.

Sunny-smile. She is coming from market.

Jolly-joke. We don't want to have anything to do with her. Quick! Let us turn our wings green side out and become invisible. (*All hastily turn wings green side out, except Sunny-smile.*)

Several Fairies (variously). Yes. Let's be quick. Don't let her see us.

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Jolly-joke. Sunny-smile,—quick,—turn your wings! She will see you. (They all huddle their green wings about themselves, except Sunny-smile, who stands motionless.)

Other Fairies (whispering). Sunny-smile! Quick! Turn your wings. (Enter Mrs. Hardheart.)

Mrs. Hardheart (hobbling and scowling). All the way to town for nothing! Every market closed, (bangs with her stick) and nothing in the house to eat but warmed-over stew! Ugh! Ugh! An outrage! I'd like to take those market men and —

Sunny-smile (standing in her path, smiling up at her, one hand on her heart, the other extending appealingly). Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, Mother Hardheart, and goodwill!

Mrs. Hardheart. Out of my way, ye brat, or you'll feel a clout from my stick. (She lifts her cane, when Sunny-smile quickly changes her wings, green side out and folds them around her. Mrs. Hardheart blinks in amazement.) What! Where—there's no child there. Good lack, am I losing my wits? I thought a sprig of a girl stood there, a-wishing me good wishes. (Stares about, then laughs harshly.) Ha, ha, ha! What body would ever stop to wish me anything good? It's daft I was. (Hobbles out.)

Fairies (tripping forward and exclaiming variously). Cross old woman! Wasn't she dreadful? Shame on her! Horrid creature! (Sunny-smile stands looking after her thoughtfully.)

Pretty-look. Well, now, Sunny-smile, you see what

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you get for trying to make friends with such a person, don't you?

Sweet-word. I wish Santa Claus had heard her.

Jolly-joke. Come. We won't go near *her* home. Let us dance away.

Fairies (all but Sunny-smile, dancing toward exit).

Here we go,

To and fro.

Airy fairy tippy toe,

Light and gay,

On our way,

Merry Christmas day. (*Exit.*)

Sunny-smile. Ah, but she is unhappy! How bitterly she spoke! "What body would ever wish *me* anything good?" Poor soul! Poor unhappy creature! (*Firmly.*) I am going to Hardheart Castle! (*Flies off as curtain falls.*)

ACT II

PLACE: *A room in Hardheart Castle. At one side is a wood-box, a fireplace with a cauldron over the fire, and a door leading outdoors. At the other side, a chest. In the center, a table with chairs about it. There is another door at the back of the stage.*

As curtain rises the cat is discovered lapping from

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a saucer of milk on the hearth. She then washes her face, yawns, and lies down to sleep. Pause. Enter dog, sees cat, and barks. Cat jumps up and spits at dog. Dog growls. Cat spits and claws at dog. Dog backs and yelps. Both growl. Dog dashes at cat who flees across room. Cornered against wall, cat turns and spits and claws at dog. He pauses, and both remain silent a moment facing each other in hostile attitude. Outer door opens and Sunny-smile steals in timidly. Her wings are white side out.

Sunny-smile. So this is Hardheart Castle. Nobody here. I'll come in. Well! It's quiet enough here now. (Cat and dog leap at each other with barking and miowing, while Sunny-smile jumps violently, and shrinks against the wall. Cat breaks away and dashes around the room, followed by the dog. At the right moment Sunny-smile opens the door to allow the cat to run out, then shuts it before the dog, who halts inside and barks a while, pausing to nose at the crack of the door. Sunny-smile pants with hand on heart.) Oh, what savage animals! I was so frightened. I hope I'll never see anything like that again.

Squire Hardheart (without in violent tones). You will, will you? R-r-r-r! (Dog slinks into corner.)

Sunny-smile (startled). That must be Squire Hardheart! Oh, let me turn my wings. (She turns them green side out.)

Squire Hardheart (roaring, without). R-r-r-r! I'll catch you. R-r-r!

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Sunny-smile (shrinking). Oh, I'm so frightened. I'm glad I'm invisible. (*Enter Squire Hardheart dragging Tommy by the collar. Sunny-smile runs and perches on chest, where she watches, manifesting distress and terror.*)

Squire Hardheart. Come on now, you young scamp. (*Throws him roughly forward.*) I'll teach you to hide from your father. (*Sits and extends foot.*) Here! Lace up my boots. (*Tommy obeys.*) Thunder and flint! Where's my supper? (*Shouting.*) Wife, wife! R-r-r-r! Wife, I say! (*Enter Mrs. Hardheart.*) R-r-r! Is my supper ready, you lazy crone?

Mrs. Hardheart (glowering at him). Oh, I'm getting it. (*Goes to fire, pokes it, and puts on wood, muttering angrily.*) Some day I'll season your supper with poison, that I will.

Squire Hardheart (to Tommy). You rascal, did you lace up those boots?

Tommy. Yes, Father.

Squire Hardheart. Well, here's my thanks for it. (*With his foot, he thrusts the kneeling boy on the floor in a sprawl. Tommy whimpers and crawls aside.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*As he laughs, he takes pipe and pouch from his pocket and prepares to smoke. Mrs. Hardheart takes ladle in hand, lifts lid from cauldron and looks in. Dog steps to her side, sits up and begs. She tastes the stew.*)

Mrs. Hardheart. H'm! Needs more pepper. Nothing like plenty of pepper, to make a stew tasty.

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Suits my disposition. (*She gets a big pepper-shaker and shakes it a long while over the stew, then tastes again.*) That's better. Um-m-m! Nice and peppery now. (*Begging dog reaches out a paw and touches her. She turns and sees him. Very crossly.*) Get out of the way! (*Sprinkles pepper vigorously upon his upturned face. He jumps, yelps, and runs, paws his face, sneezes and moans.*)

Tommy (*stopping his whimpering*). Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Points at dog, claps his knees and rocks himself.*)

Cat (*without*). Miow, miow, miow!

Mrs. Hardheart (*hand to ear*). Eh? What's that? My cat out there? (*Opens door, letting in cat.*) Who put my cat out in the cold? (*To Tommy.*) Was it you, you imp?

Tommy (*whining*). It was not. I never touched her. (*To dog, as Mrs. Hardheart turns away.*) Sic 'em! Sic 'em! (*Dog looks at cat. Tommy continues to urge them to fight.*)

Mrs. Hardheart (*to Squire*). Then it was you, you hateful man. What do you mean by it? Haven't I a right even to keep a cat on my hearth? You old curmudgeon! You leave my cat alone in future, do you hear?

Squire Hardheart. I never touched your cat.

Mrs. Hardheart. You did.

Squire Hardheart. I did not.

Cat (*to dog*). Spitz!

Dog (*to cat*). Boof!

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Tommy. Sic 'em!

Squire Hardheart (*half starting from his chair*).
Hold your tongue!

Mrs. Hardheart. You—you tyrant!

Cat. Ye-ow!

Squire Hardheart (*shaking first and rising*). You
brawling spit-fire!

Dog. R-r-ow!

Tommy. Go it!

Mrs. Hardheart (*clawing in the air*). You ogre!

Squire Hardheart. You tiger-cat!

Cat. Spitz, spitz, spitz!

Dog. Bow, wow, wow!

(*The dialogue has grown more and more rapid, the last speeches being said almost simultaneously. The dog suddenly runs at the cat, who dashes to escape him and knocks against the Squire's feet, almost upsetting him. He pulls off his leather belt and tries to beat the animals, who dash about. As the strap whirls in the air, the wife and boy also have to dodge and run. All roar, scream, bawl and bark respectively, and presently run in a circle around the room. The foremost bursts through the door at the back, and all exit except the dog, who is kicked to one side, and Sunny-smile, crouching in the corner between the chest and the wall. The door bangs shut, and the racket dies away. Nothing is heard but the subdued weeping of Sunny-smile. The dog limps to center front, lies down, and moves head back and forth as though licking his paw.*)

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Sunny-smile (wringing her hands). Oh, oh, oh!
[*The other Fairies appear at the side door.*]

Cheery-song (calling softly). Sunny-smile! Are you there, Sunny-smile?

Love-pat. We were frightened about you and we followed you.

Pretty-look. Oh, come away—away from this wicked house.

Other Fairies. Come away!

Sunny-smile. Sisters! Oh, oh! Such wretchedness! Sisters, oh, come in and help me. There's more to be done here than I can do alone.

Fairies. No, no. Come, oh, come away! Come, Sunny-smile.

Sunny-smile. No, I will not. Oh, sisters, such unhappy people I never saw. Santa Claus was right. They need the Christmas fairies. Sisters! You must stay and help me.

Cheery-song. Well, if you are determined to stay, Sunny-smile, we won't leave you. (*Fairies enter with reluctance and look around shrinkingly.*)

Fairies (variously). No, we can't leave you. We can't leave you alone in such a place. If you stay, we'll have to stay with you.

Pretty-look (drawing her skirts around her fastidiously). But what can we do here?

Sunny-smile. Why, just what we always do to unhappy people,—hover around them invisible, and pet them, and soothe them, and put good thoughts into their minds.

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Sweet-word. We'll do our best.

Other Fairies (all turning their wings green side out). Yes, we'll do our best.

Cheery-song. But it will take all our magic powers here.

Jolly-joke. I hope our charms will work, but I never saw a more discouraging place.

Sunny-smile. Come. Let us begin with the dog. He is suffering, you can see. The Squire has kicked him, and the cat has scratched him. (*Approaching dog.*) Poor dog! (*Dog growls savagely. Fairies all start back.*)

Several Fairies. Oh, how cross he is!

Sunny-smile. Is that surprising? He has never been petted in all his life. Sister Love-pat, isn't this a case for you? Come, heal his hurts with your fairy touch. (*Love-pat holds up her wand, hesitatingly approaches dog, extends her other hand and delicately strokes him. The other Fairies behind her hold up wands and make stroking motions in the air, directed as though toward the dog.*)

Love-pat.

Poor doggie, poor doggie!

Yield unto our spell.

Bruise of body and of heart

We will make it well.

From our fairy fingertips,

Feel the blessing fall,—

Cut and blow, grief and woe,

We will heal it all.

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(Love-pat continues to stroke him. He lies still a moment, then wags his tail. [See note page 79.] Fairies clap hands and laugh in delight. They all come forward and group around dog, patting and hugging him. Enter Tommy, banging the door behind him. Fairies start up in consternation and spring aside.)

Tommy. Now I'll plague the dog a while. *(Sits.)* Let me see if I have any string. I'll tie a tin can to his tail. *(Feels in pocket.)*

Love-pat (speaking in ear of dog). Love your master, doggie. Poor little boy! He has no one else to love him. *(Dog approaches Tommy and looks in his face.)*

Tommy (untangling string and smiling cruelly). Oh, I'll fix you, you rascal dog. I'll torment the life out of you!

Fairies (in low tones, standing behind and waving wands in manner to urge the dog on). Love him, doggie, go on, love him, love him! *(Dog timidly cuddles up to boy's side, and lays his head in his lap, and wags tail. Tommy appears thunderstruck.)*

Tommy. Wha—what—well I'm blest! What in the world—why, the fool dog seems to like me!

Fairies (led by Love-pat, eagerly directing their wands toward Tommy, speaking in low tones). Pat him, go on, pat him, pat him, Tommy, pat him! *(Tommy raises hand uncertainly.)*

Love-pat. That's it, that's it! *(Tommy pats the dog. Dog moves head as though licking his hand.)*

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Tommy slips to the floor and hugs the dog. Enter Mrs. Hardheart, followed by cat who goes to sleep on the hearth.)

Mrs. Hardheart (crossly). You there, Tommy? You rascally good-for-nothing! (*Putting wood on the fire.*) It was you set your dog on my cat, I'll be bound. You're as bad as you can be. (*Lifting axe.*) I'd like to take the axe to you.

Tommy. Aw—you wouldn't dare and I know it.

Mrs. Hardheart. 'Twould serve you right if I did, you saucy, lazy boy! (*Putting down axe.*) You little torment! (*Examining stew.*) The stew is done. I must lift the kettle off the fire, though it's far too heavy for my poor arms. Ugh, ugh! (*She tries in vain to lift the kettle.*) Uh! Breath and body of me, I can hardly do it. (*Pants.*)

Fairies (charming Tommy). Help her! Help her!

Jolly-joke (in Tommy's ear).

Help your mother, Tommy boy,

Little will it tax you.

Listen to this jolly joke—

Te he! She didn't axe you!

(A grin overspreads Tommy's face.)

Mrs. Hardheart. Well, I must e'en try again. (*Tommy springs forward and helps her lift the cauldron to the hearth. She stares open-mouthed.*)

Tommy. Ha, ha, ha! Guess I'll surprise you again. I'll chop some kindlings for you, (*holding up axe*) although you didn't axe me. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

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(Runs out side door, laughing and followed by the dog.)

Mrs. Hardheart. Am I dreaming or not? *(Sinks into chair.)* 'Tis the first kind act my boy ever did for me. *(Muses.)* My boy!

Sunny-smile (finding a mirror behind the chest). Oh, here's a mirror. Pretty-look! Can't you do something with this?

Pretty-look. Yes, yes. Help me polish it and place it near her. *(Fairies quickly polish mirror and then shove it slyly so that it leans against the wood-box, facing Mrs. Hardheart. Then they wave wands as motioning her to look.)*

Mrs. Hardheart (heaves a sigh, turns her head listlessly, then sees mirror with a start). Good lack! Who put that mirror there? It must have been the boy. Vim and elbows! He polished it too. *(Gazes.)* Oh, scraggy grim face! Is that myself? It's years since I looked in the glass. I did not know I had come to look like this! Oh! *(Shudders and hides face.)*

Pretty-look.

Look, look, look in the glass!
You were once a dainty lass.
Take the hint now, come, begin.
Tidy up with comb and pin.

Mrs. Hardheart (hesitatingly fastening back the elf-locks that hang over her temples). That's better,—that's certainly better.

Fairies (laughing and clapping hands softly). Yes,

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yes, go on. (*Mrs. Hardheart tosses off her dingy cap as Pretty-look charms her, and a mass of hair falls down in handsome curls.*)

Mrs. Hardheart (in amazement). Oh, oh! Twisty-wiggles! It's curly. Wonder of wonders! My hair never was curly before. 'Tis magical! (*She cocks her head, smiles in the glass and pins her hair back in a becoming manner.*)

Cheery-song (advancing and charming Mrs. Hardheart).

Come now, sing a cheery song.
Sing it right or sing it wrong,
High or low, or weak or strong,
Any kind of cheery song.

Mrs. Hardheart (singing in a cracked voice, as she arranges hair). Um-m-m-m! Diddium, diddium, diddium, dee, dee, dee, de diddle dee, dee dum diddy, diddy, o, diddium! I wonder if I haven't a bit of chiffon to put about my neck now. (*Pretty-look waves wand toward chest; Mrs. Hardheart runs to it and brings out a soft white collar with fichu. She quickly puts it on while Fairies dance with glee.*) But oh, I'm forgetting to dish my stew! (*Goes to cauldron and ladles out a bowlful, and puts it on the table. Sunny-smile opens the door for Tommy who enters with an armful of wood. He runs to the wood-box, sees his mother and drops all the wood in amazement.*)

Sunny-smile (eagerly pointing to Tommy). Sister Sweet-word, Sweet-word!

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Sweet-word (flying to speak in Tommy's ear).

Take my advice,
Say something nice.

Tommy. Mother dear, how be-you-ti-ful you look! (*Mrs. Hardheart holds out arms, he runs to her and they embrace.*) Hooray! (*Turns a handspring.*) Say, let's get some branches from the holly bushes outside, and decorate the room, will you, Mother? Say you will!

Mrs. Hardheart. Come on, Laddie, we'll do it. Oh, we'll be so happy. (*Fairies pull red-hooded cloak part way out of chest. She snatches it up, pulls it on and runs out with Tommy who cuts up capers as he goes. Fairies jump, laugh and clap, and cluster to look out of the door after them. The cat behind their backs, steps in front of the mirror and washes her face with her paw. Fairies turn round, see it and laugh. One gets red ribbon from chest and quickly ties it around cat's neck. Cat looks in mirror and purrs loudly. Fairies laugh.*)

Squire Hardheart (without). Where's my supper? R-r-r! (*Cat runs to corner, and Fairies shrink aside as Squire Hardheart enters.*) Where's my supper? Well? (*Glares around.*) Hiding, are you? I'll punish you if I find you. (*Looks around in vain.*) R-r-r-r! Wicked wife, and scamp of a boy! (*Sits at table.*) I hate everybody! Why wouldn't I? Everybody hates me, and they'd all be glad if I were dead. But I'll live many a day yet, to plague them, ha, ha,

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ha! I'll hate them worse than they hate me, I will. R-r-r-r! I feel so ugly and miserable and spiteful and lonely and bad,—I hate, hate —— (*Fairies have been wringing their hands, alternately approaching pleadingly and shrinking in horror. Now Sunny-smile waves her wand about the bowl of stew as wafting the aroma toward Squire Hardheart. He stops speaking, sniffs once or twice, turns, sees the stew, draws the bowl to him and tastes. Fairies all charm him.*) Oh,—um, oh my—oh! Delicious—luscious—delicious—oh! (*Eats.*) M-m-m-m! (*Pats himself.*) Ha-a-ah! Wonderful! Where did it come from? It must have been my wife who made it. What ever put it into her head to cook me something so extra especially good to-day? (*Eats, finally scraping the dish, and pushing chair from the table.*)

Sunny-smile (stealing to his side).

Let me teach you how to smile!

Smooth away your frown,

Curl the corners of your mouth

Up—oh, up, not down!

Think a jolly thought or two,

Dimpling all the while,

Put a twinkle in your eye,—

That's a sunny-smile!

(He has obeyed her directions, feature by feature, and ends in a broad grin. Fairies clasp their hands with an "Oh!" of delight, and fly to cuddle all about him in caressing poses, such as kneeling at his feet,

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placing head on his lap or shoulder, stroking his hand or his hair, or the like.)

Squire Hardheart (with long sigh of contentment). Ah-a-ah! I don't know what makes me feel so happy! A-ah! (Inclines head on one side with dreamy smile. Enter Mrs. Hardheart, Tommy and the dog, bearing bunches of holly. They stand open-mouthed, staring.)

Tommy (in awed whisper). O-oh! Father is smiling! (The Squire sees them, and jumps up as if ashamed to be caught smiling.)

Squire Hardheart. Hem—ahem! Come back, have ye? You good-for-noth—— (Pauses with fist upraised, as he notices their appearance.) Whee-whillegan scarlet! Is it really you, Mehitable? Why! You look as you used to look years ago, when we were young. Is it Christmas to-day, wife?

Mrs. Hardheart. Yes, it must be, because a little girl this morning wished me Merry Christmas, when I was on my way from market. And we're going to decorate the house. Oh, Obediah! Why not fix up a little yourself now for Christmas? You used to be a handsome young fellow, and just see how you have neglected your looks of late. (Indicates mirror, and Fairies shove it in front of the Squire. He stares, then rushes out of the room.)

Tommy. Mother! Did you see that mirror move forward of itself?

Mrs. Hardheart. I did, my boy, and now I know what I have long suspected—there are Christmas

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fairies in this house! (*Fairies jump in consternation and hide.*)

Tommy. Christmas fairies? Who are they?

Mrs. Hardheart. They are the fairy troop that work for Santa Claus. They go about making everybody happy and oh, my son, they are here making us happy; and I know a charm that will make them appear to us. (*Fairies jump again, and look this and that way as if to escape, but are charmed to the spot as soon as Mrs. Hardheart waves a piece of holly as a wand.*)

Holly, holly, holly-aran!

Let us be jolly as ever we can!

Every little Christmas fairy,

Lightly hid in vapor airy,

By the charm of holly bright,

Turn your wings and come to light!

(*All the Fairies turn their wings and sweep a curtsey.*)

As I thought! The child I met this morning was a fairy! Come and kiss me and forgive me, dearie. (*Sunny-smile runs and kisses Mrs. Hardheart. The Squire appears peeping sheepishly around the edge of the door.*)

All (*shouting*). Come in! Hurrah! Come in! (*Fairies dash and pull him forth. He is all tidied up, hair smoothed down, and costume decorated as suggested in appended notes. The Squire and Mrs. Hardheart stand opposite each other, casting glances of admiration.*)

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Fairies. Go on—do it—go on—do—do it!
(*Fairies push them toward each other and they spread arms wide and embrace. Tommy turns a handspring, and Fairies clap hands. Cat and dog advance, appearing in front from opposite sides, suddenly see each other, spit and yelp. Fairies dart to them, kneeling behind them, hovering over them, with gestures of soothing and urging them toward each other. They look at each other and slowly advance. Fairies and people bend toward them in a semi-circle and whisper, "Go on—that's it—do it—do it." The cat and dog yielding to the influence, lie down, shoulder to shoulder, and rub their heads lovingly together. All behind jump for joy and roar with laughter, the Squire holding his sides, the wife throwing up her hands, the boy slapping his knees, and the Fairies dancing in glee.*)

All (singing—Tune, "Upidee").

Everybody's happy now,
Happy now, happy now.
Everybody's happy now,
Merry Christmas Day.

(Again burst of laughter, this time to music.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Everybody's happy now,
Happy now, happy now.
Everybody's happy now,
Merry Christmas Day.

CURTAIN

EVERYBODY HAPPY

COSTUMES

Fairies. White dresses and crowns of holly. Wings, full short capes of silkaleen, white on one side and green on the other. They fasten about the neck by a clasp, and attach to the little fingers by rings on the lower corners of the capes. This gives the effect of spreading wings, when the fairies raise their arms. A small silver wand is suspended from the shoulder or belt by a silver cord of convenient length for the hand to grasp the wand, when desired.

Squire Hardheart. First appearance: Bushy unkempt black hair and beard, and broad black eyebrows. Loose knickerbockers and belted doublet of a dingy color. High boots or gaiters.

Second appearance: Smooth slick hair and beard. Low shoes with shining buckles, and bright-colored stockings. Fancy waistcoat, gay necktie, and coat with bright buttons and exaggerated lapels faced with bright color.

(To make quick transformation, he should dress before the play with shoe buckles and bright stockings under boot tops or gaiters, and gay tie and waistcoat under the doublet.)

Mrs. Hardheart. First appearance: Dingy faded dress, cape and hood. Stout cane. Strings of straight hair falling about temples and neck.

Transformation: as indicated in the play.

Tommy. Red hair, and front tooth missing. Simple doublet and hose or knickerbockers. On last appearance, garlands of holly border his doublet, belt, collar and cuffs, and crown his elfish cap.

Dog and Cat. Loose one piece suits of appropriate color covering entire body including feet and hands, and with semi-stiffened tails attached. The cat may have an erect bushy tail for the fight scene, but a smooth slick tail for the last appearance. The dog wags his tail by simply taking hold of it with his hand and wagging it. (The audience can be counted on to enjoy the transparent artifice.) The heads are incased in caps with ears of dog or cat attached. It is possible to buy animal

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face masks at toy stores, but it may be thought preferable to leave the human faces exposed for the play of expression, relying on the ears, tails, gait, barking, miowing, etc., to suggest the animal impersonated. Very small active children should be cast for these parts.

HONEST ABE
AN INTERLUDE FOR LINCOLN'S
BIRTHDAY

CHARACTERS

ABE LINCOLN, *storekeeper.*

MASTER SWANEY, *schoolmaster.*

JIMMIE, *a little boy.*

WIDOW SLOCUM.

PETE.

DAVE.

BILL.

Honest Abe

AN INTERLUDE FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

PROLOGUE

Our scene will represent the cross-roads store of the village of New Salem, Ohio. The young fellow behind the counter, selling groceries to the country folk, is later known to history as Abraham Lincoln; but, as we shall see him among his customers and neighbors in 1832, he is simply Abe, or sometimes Honest Abe. The young storekeeper has a reputation not only for fair dealing, but also for droll sayings and homely jokes passed across the counter with his packages. Yet his serious side appears in the fact that every spare moment in his storekeeping is seized for reading and studying some educational book.

Now in imagination let us turn time backward and spend a brief half hour in that country grocery of long ago, with Honest Abe.

(Curtain rises. SCENE: A country grocery-store. Abe Lincoln behind the counter. He arranges stock, puts wood on the fire, then sits and reads a book. Pause. Enter Dave and Bill.)

HONEST ABE

Dave. Hello, Abe.

Abe. Hello, boys.

Bill. Give me a quart of onions. (*Abe obeys.*)

Dave. Good fire you've got here. I want to dry off by your stove. I had to wade the stream. The bridge is down. (*He stands by the stove. Enter Pete.*)

Pete. I want six bars of soap, Abe. (*Abe gets them.*) Hello, Dave! How did you get here? Been wading the stream?

Dave. Yes, the bridge is down.

Pete. How deep is the water?

Dave. About four feet, I guess. It came to here. (*Hand on thigh.*)

Pete. Ho! You think your legs are four feet long?

Dave. Certainly. That's the usual length of a man's legs.

Pete. Nonsense. Most men's legs are nearer three feet.

Dave. Let's ask Abe. Abe, how long are the legs of an ordinary man?

Abe. Well, that's hard to say, but I think at least a man's legs should be long enough to reach from his body to the ground.

All. Haw! Haw! Haw!

Bill. What book have you got there, Abe?

Abe. Well, it's a kind of a book called a grammar. The schoolmaster lent it to me.

Dave. Here comes the schoolmaster now. (*Enter Master Swaney.*)

HONEST ABE

Master Swaney. Good day, neighbors.

All. Good day, Master Swaney.

Master Swaney. Abraham, I'll take a bag of corn-meal, if you please. (*Abe gets it.*)

Bill. How many scholars in your school now, Master Swaney?

Master Swaney. Seventeen, sir. There are nine boys and seven girls, and one—a small new scholar in little skirts—I don't know what it is.

Abe. Here is that grammar you lent me, school-master.

Master Swaney. Ah! And have you perused it, Abraham? (*Taking the book.*)

Abe. I have studied it through from cover to cover.

Master Swaney. And what do you think of it?

Abe. Well—if that's what they call a science, I think I'll go in for another.

Master Swaney. Excellent! Excellent! What says Virgil? "Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est." The time for education is youth. (*Enter Jimmie.*)

Pete. Hello, there, Jimmie. What are you after?

Dave. How's your big sister, Jimmie?

Pete. The pretty Miss Kate?

Jimmie. She's all right. She's going to have a candy pull to-night and she sent me over for a gallon of molasses. (*Abe takes jug from Jimmie.*)

Pete. Well, here's the molasses barrel. See what it says on it?

HONEST ABE

Jimmie. N—O—Molasses. No molasses. What! No molasses? Oh, then we can't have any candy pull!

Master Swaney. That does not say no molasses. If, James, you came to school more regularly and attended to my expositions, you would not be so ignorant. I will give you a little instruction now.

Abe. What are you looking for, Master Swaney?

Master Swaney. Have you anything I can use for a pointer? (*Abe hands him the poker.*) Ah! Thank you. Attention! The letters N and O upon this barrel are each followed by the mark of punctuation known as the period. This signifies—are you attending, James?—an abridgment—a curtailment, in other words an abbreviation—which properly expanded and amplified means, not no molasses, but New Orleans Molasses, signifying that the barrel is full of molasses that came from New Orleans. Do you understand, James?

Jimmie. Ye-yes, sir!

Abe (coming from behind). And here's your jug—filled.

Jimmie. Goody! Goody! Now we'll have the candy pull.

Master Swaney. Er—James. Did you hear your sister say whom she was going to invite to attend her candy pull?

Jimmie. Yes, sir. She said she was going to ask you, sir.

Master Swaney (smiling absent-mindedly). Very good. You may be seated. (*Exit.*)

HONEST ABE

Dave. Go 'long with your teacher, Jimmie.

Jimmie. I—I guess I'll go out the back way.
(*Exit.*)

Bill. There must be a sight of business done in New Orleans.

Dave. Yep.

Bill. I've heard that the Declaration of Independence was signed there.

Pete. Ho! The Declaration of Independence wasn't signed in New Orleans. It was signed in Boston.

Bill. It was so signed in New Orleans. Wasn't it, Dave?

Dave. Yep. In an old hysterical mansion.

Pete. Nothing of the kind. I'll leave it to Abe.

All. Abe! Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Abe. Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

All. Yes. Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Abe. Why, I always supposed it was signed at the bottom. (*All laugh.*)

Bill. But, Abe, tell me. Wasn't it in New Orleans?

Abe. No. No. It was in Philadelphia. New Orleans is down at the mouth of the Mississippi River here.

Pete. How do you know where it is, Abe?

Abe. I've been there.

Bill. And what did you see there?

HONEST ABE

Abe. I saw terrible sights, boys. Men in chains, women beaten, children torn from their parents.

All (coming forward with interest). Who were they?

Abe. Slaves.

All (turning away in indifference). Oh! Slaves!

Abe (passionately). If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard. (*Enter Widow Slocum.*)

Widow Slocum. I want a bag of salt, a dozen eggs and a pound of tea. And be quick about it for I have a long drive home. My old horse is just about tuckered out every time I drive him over the mountains. How much is all that, Abe?

Abe. That'll be six shillin' for the tea, two bits for the eggs and a fip for the salt, Ma'am.

Widow Slocum. Very dear, Abe, very dear, I must say.

Abe. Well, I always give good measure.

Widow Slocum. Yes, that's true. (*Fumbles in purse and pays Abe.*) Any news in the village to-day?

Abe. Well, have you heard about poor Jabez Rogers?

Widow. No. What about him?

Abe. His wooden leg pains him.

Widow. How can his wooden leg pain him?

Abe. His wife hits him over the head with it.

Widow. Ha! Ha! Ha! Abe Lincoln, you are the funniest man. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Abe. Shall I take these packages out to your wagon?

HONEST ABE

Widow. Yes, but do be careful how you pack the eggs. I have to ride five miles and the road is so bumpy. Look out now. Look out now. (*Exit Widow and Abe.*)

Pete (*fingering scales*). Look here, boys! Short weight! This is only fourteen ounces, and he pretended to give her a pound.

All (*examining scales*). That's a fact. (*Reënter Abe.*)

Bill. Look here, Abe. You cheated her.

Dave. Yep.

Bill. You gave her only fourteen ounces for a pound.

Abe. Did I? (*Examines scales.*) So I did!

Dave. Yep. But she'll never notice it.

Bill. No. You're that much in, Abe. (*Abe quickly does up small bag of tea and starts to go.*)

Pete. Where are you going, Abe?

Abe. After the widow to take her the rest of her tea.

Dave. Oh, sit down, sit down.

Bill. Call it a pound, Abe. It's so near it.

Pete. Many a storekeeper calls less than that a pound.

Abe. You might just as well argue that a horse has five legs. It hasn't. Calling the tail a leg does not make it one. (*Exit Abe, the others staring after him. Pause.*)

Bill. And it's a five-mile walk!

Pete. Over the mountain with two ounces of tea!

HONEST ABE

Dave. Yep. No wonder they call him Honest Abe.

CURTAIN

Costumes. Ordinary rural dress.

Properties. A plank supported by a barrel under each end may represent Abe's counter. Various bales, barrels and boxes suggest stock. One barrel is plainly marked *N. O. Molasses*. Paper bags, and scales stand on the counter. A stove at one side may contain an electric bulb under red paper, to simulate a fire.

EAGLESFEATHER
A PLAY FOR WASHINGTON'S
BIRTHDAY

CHARACTERS

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Major, and afterward Colonel of Virginia troops.*

CHRISTOPHER GIST, *a Virginia woodsman.*

MAJOR PRATT, *an English officer.*

JOHNSON, *an English soldier.*

SAMBO, *a slave.*

CAPTAIN GUERIN

MAJOR DE VEAU

LIEUTENANT DUPRE, } *French officers.*

FRANCOIS

PIERRE

JEAN

PAUL

OTHER FRENCH SOLDIERS.

EAGLESFEATHER } *Indian scouts in league*

THUNDERCLOUD } *with the French.*

Eaglesfeather

A PLAY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

PROLOGUE TO ACT I

Our play begins in December, 1753, just before the outbreak of the French and Indian War. Between the French and the English colonists hostile feeling runs high, and the Indians, as a rule, side with the French. Our scene is laid in wild forest land near the Alleghany River, where two young Virginians are bearing military dispatches between the outposts. They are Christopher Gist, a Virginia pioneer, and George Washington, a major of the militia. They are accompanied by Eaglesfeather, an Indian guide.

ACT I

(Enter Eaglesfeather. He peers off, as though examining the way ahead, then turns to look for the others behind. Presently he seems to see them, and whoops loudly. An answering halloo is heard without. He watches a moment, then beckons with his whole arm, and pauses to see if he is obeyed; then beckons again, turns, crosses the stage and goes out. Enter, following him, Washington and Gist. Washington peers ahead and halts.)

Gist. Why do you halt, Major Washington?

EAGLESFEATHER

Washington. Mr. Gist, I think that Indian guide is misleading us.

Gist. The same idea has occurred to me.

Washington. Look at the compass. (*Showing compass to Gist.*)

Gist. Yes. Due north! And we ought to be going east.

Washington. Certainly.

Gist. What do you think? Is the Indian leading us into some ambush?

Washington. It may be. They say the French pay well for English scalps.

Gist. Shall we give them the slip, Major Washington?

Washington (*after a moment's consideration*). Yes, if we can. Is he in sight? (*They peer. A shot is fired without.*)

Washington and Gist (*starting toward each other simultaneously*). Are you hurt?

Gist. No. Are you?

Washington. No, I'm not hurt. (*Turns with quick look.*) I see him. Behind that tree! Quick! Get him before he can reload! (*They dash out and return dragging Eaglesfeather, and fling him down.*)

Gist. Now to make an end of him. (*Raising gun.*)

Washington (*quickly preventing him*). No! Not that!

Gist. Why not? He is only an Indian.

Washington. He is a human being.

EAGLESFEATHER

Gist. But our safety demands his death. If we let him live, he will shoot at us again.

Washington. I will prevent that. (*He approaches Eaglesfeather, who partly rises, with arm raised, as if warding off a blow.*) Eaglesfeather, you are careless. It is very careless to let your gun go off by accident. You caught it on some bush, I suppose, or stumbled against a rock. Very careless!

Eaglesfeather (*dropping arm and nodding eagerly*). Yes, yes. Stumble on rock. Gun go off! Careless. That's it.

Washington. For fear you might be careless again like that, I will take away your gun. (*Suddenly wrestling it away.*) Good-bye now, Eaglesfeather. We shall not need your services any more. Go. (*Eaglesfeather, much downcast, prepares to go, adjusting his blanket and tying his moccasin, eyeing the white men lugubriously. Washington watches him a moment, then opens his knapsack.*)

Gist. You are not going to give that scoundrel any of your provisions, are you, Major Washington?

Washington. Well, yes, Gist. It's a long way back to his village, and he cannot hunt very well without his gun. It's midwinter, you know, too, and he looks so hungry,—here, Eaglesfeather, (*takes out a small loaf of bread*) here's some bread for you. (*Tosses it to the Indian. Washington and Gist go out. Eaglesfeather holds the bread in his hand and gazes after them.*)

CURTAIN

EAGLE'S FEATHER

PROLOGUE TO ACT II

Our next act takes place two years later. The French and Indian War is now raging, and the English General, Braddock, has made his famous advance into the wilderness. Our scene is laid on a fortified hilltop in the Alleghanies where the French and Indians are lying in wait. The position commands the valley through which Braddock and the English army must pass.

ACT II

Francois (leaning over bushes at one side and speaking off as though calling down into a ravine). There it is! There—no—no—farther down the cliff—on the rocks—there—that's it—you have it—bring it up. (Enter Pierre. Francois springs to meet him.) Halt! Who goes there?

Pierre. Picket relief.

Francois. Advance, picket relief, and give the countersign. (Pierre advances and murmurs a word to Francois.) Pass, Relief. (Takes off cap and wipes brow.) I'm glad to give place to you, Pierre. You'll find it no joke, mounting guard on the edge of the cliff in the blazing July sun.

Pierre. I believe you. I wish we were back in France where we came from. This Virginia climate—Ma foi! Francois, where's your gun?

Francois. Why, I slipped on the rocks there, and my gun tumbled all the way down into the ravine.

Pierre. How are you going to get it?

EAGLESFEATHER

Francois. Oh, Eaglesfeather was here, and I sent him down after it.

Pierre. Eaglesfeather?

Francois. Yes, one of our Indians.

Pierre (going to look). Oh, yes, I see him down there. He's bringing up the gun. *Ma foi!* That Indian can climb like a cat.

Francois. Any news from headquarters?

Pierre. No. All is quiet. (*Sound of firing at a distance.*)

Francois (startled). What's that?

Pierre. Nothing. That's in the French camp. Only our sharpshooters at target practice. (*The sound is heard again, and several times later during the dialogue, but not obtrusively.*)

Francois. I feared for a moment we were being surprised by the English.

Pierre. No danger of that. All our Indian scouts are on the watch for them. (*Shoulders musket, and starts to go.*)

Francois. One moment, Pierre. What is the plan of battle? Have you heard?

Pierre. Why, yes. The plan is to ambush Braddock at the head of the valley and force him to retreat through the ravine just below here, while we rake his flank.

Francois. Bien! We'll soon have warm work on this hilltop.

Pierre (going). Indeed we shall!

Francois. Au revoir, Pierre. (*Exit Pierre,*

EAGLESFEATHER

marching formally across the back of the stage and off. Enter Eaglesfeather at side, panting as though climbing up. He hands gun to Francois.)

Francois. Voila! Bien! Eaglesfeather, here's some tobacco for you. (Hands him a pouch, which Eaglesfeather smells and attaches to his belt grunting with satisfaction. Francois examines gun.) I wonder if this gun is all right. (Snapping lock.) Trigger falls true. It seems as good as ever.

Eaglesfeather. No. Gun not good. Crooked. Um! Much crooked. (Laying finger on the barrel.)

Francois. What's crooked? The barrel? (Sighting along it.) It looks straight to my eye. (Looks again.) Perhaps it is bent a trifle to one side. (Murmuring to himself.) Even the slightest bend would ruin the aim, of course. (Examines again.)

Eaglesfeather. Try him. Shoot rabbit. (Pointing off.)

Francois. Jove! There is a rabbit. (Loading quickly.) If I can get a rabbit, it will make a welcome addition to our mess. I'll aim with the greatest care. (Aims and fires off.) Missed! Bah!

Eaglesfeather (pointing to one side). Bullet struck over there.

Francois. How do you know?

Eaglesfeather. Bark fly from tree.

Francois (peering). What? That juniper? (Exit quickly in direction Eaglesfeather is pointing. Enter Thundercloud.)

Thundercloud. How.

EAGLESFEATHER

Eaglesfeather. How.

Thundercloud (pointing). Yengeese run away.

Eaglesfeather (hand on knife). Good. Get plenty Yengeese scalp. (*Reënter Francois, shaking his head over the gun.*)

Francois. You were right, Eaglesfeather. (*Seeing Thundercloud.*) Who is this?

Thundercloud. Big chief Thundercloud, Indian scout.

Francois. Well, what news do you bring, Thundercloud? What news of the enemy?

Thundercloud. Big chief Braddock shot. His warriors run. Soon they come here. (*Pointing to the ravine.*)

Francois. Vive la France! Could not be better. Thundercloud, go and tell the captain. (*He obeys.*) Eaglesfeather, stand here and watch. Tell me when you see the English. Your eyesight is better than a white man's. (*Eaglesfeather stands looking off at one side. Francois looks at his gun.*) Yes, he proved that with the gun. Diable! (*Throws gun on the ground.*) The battle at hand and my gun ruined! (*Enter Captain Guerin and Major De Veau. Francois stands at salute.*)

Captain Guerin. This seems to me a good vantage point, eh, Major?

Major De Veau. Very good, Captain Guerin.

Captain Guerin (nodding). Yes. Order up the sharpshooters, Major De Veau. (*He studies the prospect, especially the ravine.*)

EAGLESFEATHER

Major De Veau. Yes, Captain. What are you doing here, Francois?

Francois. Just relieved from picket duty, sir.

Major De Veau. Go and tell Lieutenant Dupré to bring up his company of sharpshooters.

Francois. Yes, sir. (*Salutes and goes. His gun is left lying in sight, but out of the way of the actors and unnoticed by them.*)

Captain Guerin. I gather from the scouts that Braddock is completely defeated.

Major De Veau. Glorious news, Captain.

Captain Guerin. Now if the English retreat as they advanced yesterday —

Major De Veau. Marching in plain sight along the middle of the ravine here,—ho, ho, ho! (*They laugh derisively.*)

Captain Guerin. See, here come our brave French sharpshooters to pick them off. (*Enter Lieutenant Dupré, Jean, Paul, and others. They salute.*) Now, Lieutenant Dupré, you and your company of sharpshooters deploy along the ridge here, and pick off the English as they come down the valley below. They are in retreat.

Lieutenant Dupré (saluting). Yes, Captain. (*To men.*) You hear, men. Scatter along the ridge and get the English.

Captain Guerin. You can't miss them. They march through this wilderness as if on parade in a park.

Lieutenant Dupré. March. (*Exit men.*)

EAGLESFEATHER

Captain Guerin. You, yourself, Dupré, stand near me. When I see anyone among the enemy who seems especially important, I'll point him out to you to shoot. I know I can depend on you, for you are the best sharpshooter in the French army. You never miss your man.

Lieutenant Dupré (saluting). Thanks, Captain Guerin.

Eaglesfeather (pointing). English!

Captain Guerin. Where? I don't see them.

Lieutenant Dupré. Nor I.

Eaglesfeather. Eaglesfeather sees them.

Major De Veau (looking through the glasses). He's right. There they are. Take my field-glasses, sir.

Captain Guerin. Oh yes, I see them. (*Pause.*) But they are retreating very differently! They are skillfully directed. They no longer march out in the open.

Eaglesfeather. They fight now like Indian. They run from tree to tree.

Captain Guerin. Look at that! How they manoeuvred around that rock! Who's in command? That's not Braddock. Major De Veau, can you see who it is? (*De Veau takes the glasses and looks earnestly as directed.*)

Major De Veau. Yes, sir, it's that young officer, sir, on a white horse. I know him. His name is Washington.

Eaglesfeather. Washington! (*He peers.*)

EAGLESFEATHER

Major De Veau. He's a colonel of the Virginians.
(*Returning glasses to the captain.*)

Captain Guerin. Ha! Yes, we must get this Washington. Here, Dupré, take the glasses. Mark the young colonel, Washington. (*Dupré puts down his gun to take the glasses.*) He is the young man on the white horse, who is marshalling the retreat with such skill. (*Eaglesfeather starts to replace Dupré's gun with the crooked gun, unnoticed by the Frenchman.*)

Lieutenant Dupré. I see him.

Captain Guerin. Watch him. Do not take your eye from him, and as soon as he is well within range, shoot him down.

Lieutenant Dupré. In about three minutes, I think, I'll be able to get him. I have an excellent rifle. It shoots straighter than any other in the regiment. I always bring down my man. (*Enter Thundercloud and talks aside with Eaglesfeather.*)

Thundercloud (*interposing his arm to stop Eaglesfeather in the act of changing the guns*). Ha! You steal gun!

Eaglesfeather (*haughtily*). Eaglesfeather not steal. (*Frenchmen continue to gaze off absorbedly, occasionally conferring in dumb show.*)

Thundercloud (*folding his arms and looking at Eaglesfeather in scorn*). Um!

Eaglesfeather. This gun not shoot straight. Crooked. Um! Listen. Once an Englishman aimed to shoot at the heart of Eaglesfeather. Who saved

EAGLESFEATHER

Eaglesfeather? It was Washington. He turned aside the gun, and gave Eaglesfeather bread. Now Washington leads his people down the valley. The Frenchman wants to shoot Washington. Eaglesfeather will give the Frenchman the crooked gun. (*He stealthily completes the exchange of guns.*)

Captain Guerin. Now, Dupré, now! Washington is galloping this way. Quick. He's in range now. Get him. (*Dupré excitedly reaches for his gun and picks up the crooked one.*)

Lieutenant Dupré. Death to Washington! (*Aiming.*) Watch him fall. (*Shoots.*)

Captain Guerin. He gallops on. You missed him, Dupré!

Lieutenant Dupré (*peering, then reloading in haste*). Is it possible? I always hit at the first shot. But I'll get Washington this time. (*Shoots again after careful aim.*)

Captain Guerin. What's the matter? You haven't touched him. (*Dupré continues to reload and shoot, more and more frantically.*) Get him, Dupré! Get Washington! (*He shoots.*) What, missed again? He's right in front of us. Shoot him! Now! (*He shoots.*) You a sharpshooter! Get away! (*Thrusting Dupré aside and hailing the others without.*) Ho! Hey! Up here, sharpshooters!

Lieutenant Dupré. He bears a charmed life. (*Enter other sharpshooters.*)

Captain Guerin. Here! Pick off Colonel Washington, there, on the white horse. Dupré can't hit

EAGLESFEATHER

him. (*Sharpshooters murmur in surprise, while Guerin turns away to peer through glasses.*)

Jean. What? Dupré can't hit him?

Paul. Dupré! The best shot in the army!

Lieutenant Dupré. He bears a charmed life. That's the only way to account for it. For years I've never missed my man. I tell you, Washington bears a charmed life.

Captain Guerin. Here! Jean, Paul, come forward and shoot. He's getting away.

Jean. Nay, I'll not shoot at a man who bears a charmed life.

Paul. Nor I. 'Tis evil luck.

Captain Guerin. Charmed life! Silly superstition,—come and shoot. Quick, quick! (*Looking through glasses.*) Come! Come! Come! Oh! Too late! He's out of range. We'll not get another chance at him like that. You men will face court-martial for this. Come on, now. Follow the retreat. At least, you can pick off the other officers. (*Exit all the white men.*)

Thundercloud. 'Tis well, my brother.

Eaglesfeather. An Indian never forgets.

CURTAIN

PROLOGUE TO ACT III

The last act takes place four days later in the English camp at Great Meadows. Under the skillful leadership of young Washington, a part of the English

EAGLESFEATHER

army has fought its way out of the wilderness, bearing the dying General Braddock. The scene is in the English camp at evening, before the quarters of Colonel Washington.

ACT III

(A campfire is burning before the door of Washington's tent. An army blanket, thrown over a camp-chair, is being aired by the fire. Johnson, with one arm in a sling, is piling up firewood with the other arm. Presently he goes to the blanket, passes his hand over it as though to feel if it is dry and warm, then takes it up and enters tent. Voices within tent are heard simultaneously and in tone of dispute.)

Voices within. Get out of the way, Sambo! No, sah! Hyar! No, sah!

(Sambo and Johnson emerge, Sambo thrusting Johnson out of the tent and taking blanket from him.)

Sambo. Whaffo' yo' gwine in Massa George's tent, huh? Whaffo' yo' gwine in Massa George's tent?

Johnson. You, Sambo, what's the matter with you? I was going to spread the blanket on Colonel Washington's bed.

Sambo. Yo' stay out o' dat tent. Heah me? Yo' stay out o' dat tent. Ah's Massa George's body servant, Ah is.

Johnson. Well, I'm Colonel Washington's orderly, I am. And it's the business of the orderly to look after the Colonel's tent.

EAGLESFEATHER

Sambo. Not when ole Sambo can find his way into dat camp! No sah. Yo' listen to me, boy. Ah's been Massa George's body servant, mian and boy, for twenty yeahs. And wherebber Ah can follow him, Ah does it. And no sojer man gwine wait on Massa George dis time. (*Goes into tent, his voice continuing from within.*) No sah, not while ole Sambo's around. No-o, sah!

Johnson (shrugging shoulders). Oh, well. (*Notices that bandage on arm is loosened.*) Ugh! Look at that bandage coming off. (*Sits in armchair, and endeavors to adjust it with hand and teeth.*)

Sambo (within). Not while ole Sambo's around. No-o sah!

Johnson. Sambo!

Sambo (appearing in door). What yo' want?

Johnson. Here! Lend a hand with this bandage, will you? You clawed it off me.

Sambo (coming out to bind arm). Mah land! Yo' bandage all done fatched loose. (*Binding it.*) Heah, tu'n round.

Johnson (wincing). Look out—not so tight.

Sambo. Ah didn't mean fo' to hurt yo', Mars Johnsing. No sah! Ah wouldn't hurt yo'. Yo' got dis yer wound a-fightin' dem French and Injuns. Along of Massa George yo' was. No sah, Ah wouldn't hurt yo'. (*He finishes binding.*)

Johnson. Much obliged, Sambo. That's good and tight now.

Sambo (going into tent). Yas sah, dat'll hold, Ah

EAGLESFATHER

reckon. (*Johnson puts wood on fire, and Sambo comes out with the Colonel's coat and a clothes brush. Johnson passes hand over the bandage.*) Am de pain bad now, Mars' Johnsing?

Johnson. Oh no, Sambo. I've not much to complain of. There's not a man in my company as well as I am. Brooks and Barlow are shot in three places, and Ted Allen, poor fellow, has lost both his eyes.

Sambo. Po' boys! (*Brushes coat.*)

Johnson. Nobody escaped without wounds except Colonel Washington. And he was in the thick of it all the way, too. Indeed, if it had not been for him, not one of us would have got out of that ravine alive.

Sambo. And Massa George nebber got a scratch. Glory be! (*Chuckles.*) Ha, ha, ha! De bullets nebber touch Massa George! Ha, ha!

Johnson. Every other officer was picked off at once by the sharpshooters,—even General Braddock. But they couldn't hit Colonel Washington. (*Smiles to himself. Sambo stands chuckling, then edges furtively toward Johnson.*)

Sambo. Mars' Johnsing, dey was a reason, yes sah, dey was a reason why dey couldn't shoot Massa George.

Johnson (*smiling to himself*). You're right there was.

Sambo. Ah knows—Ah knows de reason dey couldn't hit Massa George.

Johnson. You! You don't know the reason.

Sambo. Oh yas, Ah does! (*Chuckles.*) Look

EAGLESFEATHER

hyar! In Massa George's pocket! See what ole Sambo done put in heah. A rabbit's foot! (*Takes it out.*) Ha, ha! See dat? A rabbit's foot. Dat done charm his life. And Massa George don't know nuffin 'bout dat.

Johnson. Ho! Rabbit's foot! What good is a rabbit's foot? You poor ignorant African! Look here; I'll tell you what really charmed the Colonel's life. (*Smiles and taps his chest.*) I'm the man that did it. Look here. I hung this on his tent the day before the battle. (*Pulls aside the English flag which hangs over the peak of the tent, and shows horseshoe hung over the door.*) That's a lucky horseshoe.

Sambo. Horseshoe! Pooh! Yo' po' ignorant white trash! What good is a horseshoe? No, no, chile, yo' can't place no depen'ence on no horseshoe. Hit was dis yer rabbit's foot —

Johnson. Oh, no, the horseshoe —

Sambo. De rabbit's foot! De rabbit's foot! (*Both talk at once, each pointing to his talisman, and trying to make the other listen. Enter Colonel Washington and Major Pratt, the latter with a bandaged head. Johnson drops the tip of the flag and stands at salute. Sambo, bowing himself away, enters the tent. Washington returns Johnson's salute, and Johnson stands on guard at the door of the tent.*)

Major Pratt. Were you with General Braddock when he breathed his last, Colonel Washington?

Colonel Washington. Yes, Major Pratt.

Major Pratt. Did he suffer much?

EAGLESFEATHER

Colonel Washington. Not so much pain of body, as of mind. His defeat was a terrible shock. He never dreamed an English army could be put to rout like that.

Major Pratt. Alas, poor Braddock!

Colonel Washington. There never was a braver man than General Braddock.

Major Pratt. Oh, if he had only listened to your advice, Colonel Washington, when you were begging him to be more cautious.

Colonel Washington. Do not speak of that now.

Major Pratt. At least, sir, every man of us is thankful you escaped.

Colonel Washington. It was amazing. I was not even wounded.

Major Pratt. The soldiers all say you bear a charmed life, sir.

Colonel Washington (smiling). Do they?

Major Pratt. Well, I must not keep you up, if we are to hold the obsequies at daybreak. The chaplain told me to ask you if you would read the funeral service, Colonel Washington.

Colonel Washington. Is the chaplain disabled, too?

Major Pratt. Oh, yes, he is badly wounded.

Colonel Washington. I will read the service then.

Major Pratt. Shall I send you a prayer-book, sir?

Colonel Washington. I have my own, thank you.

Major Pratt. Good night, sir.

Colonel Washington. Good night, Major. (*Exit Major Pratt.*) Well, Johnson, how's the arm?

EAGLESFEATHER

Johnson. Doing nicely now, sir.

Colonel Washington. Good. (*Sambo brings out a cape and puts it on Washington.*) You may go now,

Johnson. Attend me at daybreak.

Johnson. Yes, sir. Good night, sir. (*Exit Johnson. Washington sits by the fire warming his hands.*)

Sambo. Anything mo', Massa George?

Colonel Washington. Yes, Sambo. Bring me my prayer-book. (*He obeys.*) That's all, Sambo. Good night.

Sambo. Good night, Massa George. (*Exit Sambo. Washington finds place in prayer-book and reads. Eaglesfeather glides in. Washington, turning the page, suddenly sees the Indian.*)

Colonel Washington (*staring slightly*). Who's there?

Eaglesfeather. Washington know me?

Colonel Washington (*peering*). I have seen you before. Yes, I've seen you somewhere. Where was it?

Eaglesfeather. By the Alleghany River, in the moon of snows,—Eaglesfeather was careless,—his gun went off,—but the white chief gave him bread and let him go.

Colonel Washington. Oh, yes, I remember. Well, I hope you have not been careless again.

Eaglesfeather. Yes. I have been careless again.

Colonel Washington. What have you done?

Eaglesfeather. Chief Washington was not hurt in the battle?

EAGLESFEATHER

Colonel Washington. No, Eaglesfeather. The bullets flew all around me, but they never struck me.

Eaglesfeather. Eaglesfeather was on the cliff. French chief called his sharpshooters. He pointed to Washington. The guns lay on the ground. Eaglesfeather knew which gun was crooked. Um! much crooked! Sharpshooter said, "Give me my gun." Eaglesfeather was careless again. He gave into the sharpshooter's hand—the crooked gun. (*Laughs silently; draws himself up and looks with dignity into the eyes of Washington; then muffles his face in his blanket and glides away, Washington gazing after.*)

CURTAIN

Notes on costumes and staging:

Costumes in detail may be seen in any illustrated American history.

Plan of staging for Act II: The whole stage constitutes the hilltop, with a few bushes and logs to suggest wilderness. The French camp is supposed to be in the wing at one side, the unseen ravine opposite. The Indian scouts come up from among the bushes in the rear.

HERE AGAIN
AN OPERETTA FOR MAY DAY

CHARACTERS

SNOWFLAKES

SUNBEAMS

RAINDROPS

CATERPILLARS

A BUTTERFLY

BIRDS

BOYS AND GIRLS

Flowers

VIOLET

DAFFODIL

ROSE

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

HYACINTH

TULIP

Here Again

AN OPERETTA FOR MAY DAY

(Curtain rises on chorus of Snowflakes. Tune, "Jingle Bells.")

Snowflakes (singing).

Snowflakes in the air, falling soft and light,
Snowflakes everywhere, oh, so pure and white!
Dashing through the sky, whirling to and fro,
Oh, what fun it is to fly and heap the ground with
snow!

Chorus.

Here we go, to and fro, snowflakes in the air!
In and out, roundabout, snowflakes everywhere,
Through the sky, tossing high, singing as we go.
Oh, what fun it is to fly and heap the ground with
snow!

(Music repeats while Snowflakes dance. As the music ends, all lie down and sleep.)

Sunbeams (singing without. Tune, "Scotland's Burning").

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Look out! Look out!

Sunbeam! Sunbeam! Sunbeam! Sunbeam!

Snow is melting! Snow is melting!

HERE AGAIN

(Enter Sunbeams, repeating song in unison, and marching to form a semi-circle behind Snowflakes. On the words, "Snow is melting," the Sunbeams point forefinger at Snowflakes. Sunbeams stand pointing fingers at Snowflakes and repeat song as a round. Snowflakes move uneasily, open eyes, start up, shrink away, roll over, creep and steal away, Sunbeams advancing with pointing fingers, and singing as though to drive them away.)

Sunbeams (after exit of Snowflakes. Tune, "Marching Through Georgia").

Hurrah, hurrah, the snow has gone away!
Hurrah, hurrah, the sun has come to stay.
Every little sunbeam now is shining all the day,
Shining to call forth the flowers.

(On last two lines, they circle arms over head and smile in a row across the stage. Then music continues, while Sunbeams dance, frequently circling arms over head and swaying as though shining all around. At conclusion, Raindrops appear at entrance, and Sunbeams flee to rear of stage, and hide their faces.)

First Raindrop.

Hide away, Sunbeams, here comes the rain.

All the Raindrops (running in on tip-toe, and waving hands and vibrating fingers to suggest falling rain).

Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter!

HERE AGAIN

Second Raindrop.

Every little raindrop works with might and main.

All (as before).

Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter!

Third Raindrop.

Rain upon the flower beds, the meadows and the
lane.

All (as before).

Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter!

Fourth Raindrop.

After the shower, the sunbeams come again.

All (as before).

Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter!

*(Ad lib. until they have all run around and run out.
Sunbeams then part hands and peer out.)*

First Sunbeam.

Is the shower over? Have the raindrops gone?

Second Sunbeam.

Are any raindrops falling? I feel none.

Third Sunbeam.

No doubt about it now, the weather is fine.

Come forth, Sunbeams, shine, shine, shine!

(All circle arms and smile as they step forward.)

Flowers (without). Make way, make way! Here
come the flowers!

HERE AGAIN

Sunbeams (jumping for joy). Flowers! Flowers! (As each flower enters, Sunbeams hug themselves, clap hands, and stand enraptured. Enter Violet. She runs in lightly and stands hanging her head shyly.)

Sunbeams.

Oh, Violet, are you here?

So glad to see you, dear!

(A sunbeam kisses her. Enter Daffodil, skipping and waving her hand to all.)

Sunbeams.

Welcome back again, darling Daffodil,

We loved you when you came before, and we
love you still.

(A Sunbeam places her cheek to Daffodil's and pats her. Jack-in-the-Pulpit strides in and strikes an attitude.)

Sunbeams.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit! How do you do?

Shake hands, old fellow, there's no one like you.

(Several Sunbeams give him a hearty handshake. Hyacinth enters with swaying, floating gait, throwing kisses.)

Sunbeams.

Hyacinth! Again we meet.

Let us breathe your perfume sweet.

HERE AGAIN

(Several smell her petals. Enter Tulip, with march and military salute.)

Sunbeams.

Tulip, dear, you brighten all the place.

Let us shine upon your jolly face.

(Tulip and Sunbeams exchange smiles. Enter Rose with stately gait to central position.)

Sunbeams.

The rose! The rose! Bow every loyal knee.

Queen of flowers, hail, all hail to thee!

(All kneel. Music of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" or the like. Dance of Sunbeams around the flowers. Sudden drum-beat without. All halt in apprehension. Music changes to ominous rumbles and chords, in low minor key. Another drum-beat louder.)

All. The drum, the war-like drum!
 The caterpillars come.

(Sunbeams dart aside, flowers shrink in fear. Grotesque march, as three caterpillars crawl in. Flowers tremble.)

Caterpillars.

Behold the caterpillars come.

Fe-fo-fi-fum!

(They rear heads and move them as though looking all around. Then they crawl, then halt to speak.)

Round the dainty plants we go,

Fe-fi-fum-fo! *(They crawl.)*

HERE AGAIN

And when a pretty flower we see,
Fi-fo-fum-fe!
We eat it up,—yum-yum-yum-yum!
Fe-fo-fi-fum!

(They lay hold of the flowers, pull themselves up and bite petals.)

Flowers. Help, help, help, help! *(Bird-calls whistled without. Caterpillars listen and drop to the ground in fear.)*

First Caterpillar.

What was that?

Second Caterpillar.

'Twas on this side.

(Bird-calls again, louder.)

Third Caterpillar.

The birds, the birds!

Oh, let us hide!

(They rapidly crawl away. One crawls under the long green train of the robe of the rose. The others find green draperies at either side of the stage, and creep beneath them. Birds enter and circle the stage as though flying, then halt before the rose.)

Rose. Oh, birds! You flew in just in time.

Thank heaven you were there,
For caterpillars are about.

Birds (giving a sudden hop).

Caterpillars! Where?

HERE AGAIN

(Birds hop all about, pausing between hops to cock heads, and eye on both sides in the manner of birds. First bird arrives at draperies on one side, bends and pokes draperies aside with his head, discovering caterpillar.)

First Bird (loudly). Aha! (As he pounces on the caterpillar, all the other birds rush to the spot, crowding closely and concealing the place for an instant, during which exit caterpillar unseen. Birds disperse, draperies are displaced and caterpillar is seen to be gone.) Ha! He was delicious! Where's another? (In like manner caterpillar at other side is found and disposed of by second bird.)

Second Bird. Ho, ho, ho! There's an end of him.

All the Birds (singing. Tune, "There's Music in the Air").

There's music in the air,
When the lovely spring is nigh.
Bird notes everywhere
In the bright and laughing sky.

(The next lines are whistled in two parts, followed by singing of final phrase.)

Spring music in the air.

(Birds fly out, whistling bird-notes. Flowers smile, Sunbeams dance forward, all singing softly the air of the birds' chorus, with la-la-la for words.)

Third Caterpillar (putting head out). Are the birds gone? (All jump.)

Rose. Oh! There's one caterpillar here yet.

HERE AGAIN

All the Flowers. Alas!

Caterpillar (crawling out).

Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he!

Birds all gone! Couldn't find me!

(He takes a piece of the green drapery of the rose in his mouth, tears it off and munches.)

Rose. He is eating my leaves!

All the Flowers. Alas!

Caterpillar. Very good indeed. I always did like rose leaves. I'll take another. *(Rears up and tears it off. Rose weeps aloud.)*

All the Flowers. Woe! Alas! Oh! *(All weep.)*

Caterpillar (pausing in his munching). What is this feeling that comes over me? *(Yawns.)* Why! I'm getting sleepy. *(Yawns again.)* It's time I curled up in my cocoon. *(He pulls a large folded bag from a deep pocket in his costume, shakes it out, and pulls it on, feet first. In struggling to get it on, he rolls over several times and finally disappears in it and goes to sleep at some distance from the rose. Pause. Enter a boy.)*

Boy (calling to others off stage).

Come, boys and girls, come out to play.

The sun is bright, the flowers are gay.

Come, boys and girls, this way, this way!

(He beckons. Enter hand-in-hand, running and laughing, boys and girls. They form a ring amid the flowers.)

HERE AGAIN

Boys and Girls (singing. Tune, "Rig-a-jig-jig").

Beautiful Spring is here again,

Here again, here again,

Fling up your hats and cheer again,

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

She's here again, here again!

So cheer again, and cheer again!

Fling up your hats and cheer again,

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

(On the last word all the boys wave hats and shout.)

A Boy. Look at all the flowers.

A Girl (beside the violet). I like this one best.

Other Children (each moving to the side of a different flower). I like this one best. *(They caress and admire the flowers.)*

The Child Who has Chosen the Rose. Oh, look, a caterpillar has been here. *(All examine.)*

A Boy. See all he has eaten!

A Girl. Where has he gone to? *(They examine the rose draperies.)*

A Boy. He's nowhere to be seen.

A Girl. Perhaps he has passed into the pupa stage!

All. Oh, yes, let's find the cocoon. *(They search.)*

A Boy. Here it is.

All (running to see it). The cocoon!

A Girl. We must destroy this cocoon.

All. Yes, yes.

A Boy. Let's put it in the fire. *(They bend to lay hold of it. It begins to squirm. All start.)*

HERE AGAIN

All. It's moving.

A Girl. Oh, look! Oh, look! (*The actor in the cocoon begins to unfasten both cocoon bag and caterpillar costume, and to crawl out.*)

A Boy. It's coming out!

A Girl. It's going to be a butterfly!

All. A butterfly!

Butterfly (now nearly out, begins to sing. *Tune, "Little Buttercup," from "Pinafore"*).

I'll be a butterfly,

I'll be a butterfly,

I'll be a butterfly soon.

I'm working and worming,

And squeezing and squirming

Out of my little cocoon.

(*He rises to his feet, free of the bags. Notes appended on page 129 give further suggestions for transformation.*)

And now I am rising,

Oh, oh, how surprising,

How lightsome, how airy and free!

I've feet now to stand on

To light and to land on,

Ha, ha, no more crawling for me!

And as for antennae

(*Eracts and exhibits antennae.*)

I didn't have any,

But now I've an elegant pair.

HERE AGAIN

These curious things
Are my butterfly wings,
Just see them unfurl in the air!

(Spreads wings.)

Now I'm a butterfly,
Now I'm a butterfly,
Welcome in garden and bower.
Yes, I'm a butterfly,
Yes, I'm a butterfly,
Flitting from flower to flower.

All (singing as butterfly dances about flowers, repeating tune of refrain).

Yes, he's a butterfly,
Dear little butterfly,
Welcome in garden and bower.
Yes, he's a butterfly,
Dear little butterfly,
Flitting from flower to flower.

Raindrops (without). Patter, patter, patter, etc.

Children (looking up and holding out hands). Oh, it's raining, raining! *(They run out. Patter of raindrops is heard continually without.)*

Butterfly (looking from side to side distractedly). What shall I do? Oh, I'll get wet!

Flowers. Hide, hide! *(Butterfly shivers and sneezes.)*

Rose. Be quick, Butterfly, you'll take cold. Over there! *(Pointing to green draperies at one side. Butterfly takes refuge under them.)*

HERE AGAIN

First Sunbeam. I think it's a shame for the rain to come now and spoil all the fun.

Other Sunbeams. So do I.

First Sunbeam. Let's try to drive the rain away. Shall we, Sunbeams?

Other Sunbeams. Yes, yes. Drive the rain away. (*They form a battle-front at one side, and as Raindrops enter at the other side advance to meet them.*)

Raindrops (ceasing to patter, halting and motioning to Sunbeams to retire).

Hide away, Sunbeams, here comes the rain.

Sunbeams (facing them defiantly).

No, no. We will not go. Here we will remain.

Raindrops (with motions of pushing them away).

Away, away, you must not stay. Don't you hear our patter?

Sunbeams (pointing to themselves).

Don't you see the sunbeams shine? Raindrops, you must scatter! (*Pointing toward exit.*)

Rose. Raindrops, hush, and Sunbeams, cease!

You are disturbers of the peace.

For shame! Let me decide between

Your rival claims. Obey your queen!

(*Sunbeams and Raindrops kneel on each side.*)

Quite unnecessarily you drive each other out,—

It's not impossible to rain while the sun is out,—

HERE AGAIN

And when the two at once you view,
Oh, then, the rainbow comes out too!
Now sunbeams shine on raindrops clear,
And make a glorious rainbow here.

(Sunbeams rise, circle arms, and beam on Raindrops. Raindrops rise and hold out hands to Sunbeams, lifting faces as if to be shined on. Flowers run to mount a dais at back of stage, taking their stand in order of rainbow colors—Rose (red), Tulip (orange), Daffodil (yellow), Jack-in-the-Pulpit (green), Hyacinth (blue), and Violet (purple). As soon as they are in place, Sunbeams and Raindrops run to flowers, who quickly take from their pockets colored streamers rolled or folded so that the ends of each can be grasped by a Sunbeam and a Raindrop respectively, the middle of the streamer remaining in the hand of the flower. As Sunbeams and Raindrops step back to each side, the streamers unroll, and the middle of each is held high by the flowers, forming an arch. Each streamer is of a color to match its flower. Then Boys and Girls run in under the arch of streamers, and look at it.)

Boys and Girls.

“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.”

(Birds and Butterfly appear and circle about. Raindrops sing softly, “Patter, patter, patter, etc.,” which becomes an accompaniment as the others start up the final chorus:)

HERE AGAIN

All (joyously).

Beautiful spring is here again,

Here again, here again.

Fling up your hats and cheer again,—

Hurrah, hurrah, HURRAH!!!

CURTAIN

COSTUMES

Snowflakes. White Teddy-bear suits, with simple hoods for headdress.

Sunbeams. Dresses of yellow cheese-cloth, edged with gold tinsel. Gold crowns.

Raindrops. Raincoats, rubber caps and rubber boots.

Flowers. Green dresses. Hats of colored crepe paper, shaped to suggest petals of flowers impersonated. The rose has a long train, and a green robe falls from her shoulders, voluminous, trailing and edged with imitation ermine. Her sleeves are edged with fluttering strips of green crepe paper and it is these which the caterpillar bites.

Jack-in-the-pulpit. Green jacket, knickerbockers and pointed cap. A very large, flaring pointed collar stands up behind his head and curves over it by means of stiff wiring.

Caterpillars. Light green dresses long enough to cover feet and be sewed up at the bottom like bags. Hoods to match, attached to necks of dresses, cover heads. Black circles painted around eyes suggest large insect eyes, and black lines inked around dresses suggest division into segments of body. Loose sleeves are long enough almost to cover hands. The crawling is done by rolling bodies slightly from side to side and advancing arms alternately somewhat as in overhand swimming. The legs drag inert.

HERE AGAIN

Butterfly. The pocket containing the cocoon bag should be down beside the feet, where there is plenty of room in the bottom of the caterpillar dress. The caterpillar dress should fasten with simple snappers, so that the actor can easily open it to emerge as a butterfly, but the opening should be well to one side of the front, lest the snappers part when the caterpillar is crawling on his stomach. The butterfly comes out in a simple short dress of pale yellow, with bare arms and bare feet. The wings are fan-shaped, with one edge sewed vertically to the dress under the armhole. The other dangles free, but has a loop or ring on the free corner, through which the actor can slip his wrist when preparing to spread his wings. Antennae are lightly wired and attached to tight forehead band. They are bent back under hood during the caterpillar stage, but simply erected by hand after removal of hood, and during the song. The prelude of the song is played while the transformation begins, and should be so timed that the song will commence when the butterfly is nearly out. To begin the song, the actor should have attained a comfortable position, seated on the floor, perhaps, supported by one hand, with only the lower legs encased still in the cocoon, to move about on the words *worming* and *squirming*. Of course, he rises on beginning the second verse, and displays feet. Other actions as indicated in the song. After the song the discarded costumes may be unobtrusively tossed aside by one of the children.

Birds. Dresses or knickerbocker suits of appropriate colors for various birds in spring. Wings, full circular capes attached at the back of the neck, and with outer edges sewed to the outer side of the sleeves, so that extending arms has the effect of spreading wings. Hoods with pale yellow visors above the brow, will suggest beaks.

TOM'S BACK-YARD
A PLAY FOR ARBOR DAY

CHARACTERS

| | | | |
|--------------|-----------------|----------|-------------------|
| TOM | | DAFFODIL | |
| TOM'S MOTHER | | ROSE | |
| STICK-UP | } <i>Weeds.</i> | TULIP | } <i>Flowers.</i> |
| SCALAWAG | | PANSY | |
| WHOPPER | | | |

Tom's Back-Yard

A PLAY FOR ARBOR DAY

ACT I

SCENE: *Tom's back-yard. A flower-bed, with the three weeds in it.*

All the Weeds.

Weeds! Weeds! A sight to behold!
Green and saucy, big and bold!
Here we stand in Tom's back-yard—
The ground is dry and the soil is hard.
But up we shoot and out we spread,
And run all over the flower-bed.
We choke the flowers, and push and crowd,
Though we know very well that it's not allowed.
Tom doesn't see us. Ho! Ho! Ho!
While he isn't looking, how we grow!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Tom doesn't see!
Oh, what wicked weeds are we!

(Enter Tom.)

Tom. I guess it's time I took a look at my flower-bed. I haven't thought about it lately. What! All

TOM'S BACK-YARD

full of weeds! This will never do. I must pull them up. (*He pulls at Scalawag, who resists.*)

Scalawag. He is pulling me up,—
 He is pulling me out!

The Other Weeds. Hold tight! Hold tight!
 Put him to rout!

Scalawag. I won't come up.
 I won't indeed!

Tom. You won't, won't you?
 You impudent weed!

(*He pulls Scalawag out of the flower-bed. Scalawag falls down dead.*)

Now for the next one.
Come out of that bed!

(*He pulls Stick-up, who appears frightened but resists for a moment.*)

Stick-up. Oh, he is pulling me!
 Soon I'll be dead!

(*Tom pulls Stick-up out of the flower-bed and Stick-up falls dead.*)

Tom. Now for another.
 Out you go!

(*He pulls at Whopper, who resists firmly.*)

Whopper. You can't pull me out.
 Ho! Ho! Ho!
 I'm a whopper!
 I tell you I'm tough!

TOM'S BACK-YARD

Tom. Pulling with the fingers
Isn't enough.
What shall I do?
Aha! I know!

(Tom makes quick exit.)

Whopper. He'll never get me out!
Ho! Ho! Ho! *(Laughing.)*
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho! Ho!

(Tom returns with a hoe.)

Tom (brandishing hoe.)

Now it's *my* turn to say
Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!

(Tom hoes briskly about the roots (feet) of Whopper.)

Whopper (staggering).

Oh, I am done for!
Oh, I am dead!

(He staggers out of the flower-bed as Tom hoes, and then falls dead.)

Tom. I have cleaned all the weeds
Out of that flower-bed.
Now I'll loosen the soil,
And plant some flower-seeds,
And I'll watch in future
To keep away the weeds.

CURTAIN

TOM'S BACK-YARD

ACT II

SCENE: *The same place. Flowers growing in the flower-bed.*

All the Flowers.

Flowers! flowers! A sight to behold!
Pink and purple, white and gold!
Here we stand in Tom's back-yard,
And Tom is glad that he worked so hard,
He weeded and watered and now we bloom,
With lovely colors and sweet perfume.
We gently sway and nod and smile,
And beam with happiness all the while.

Pansy. Look! Oh! Look!
Who is coming this way?

Rose. 'Tis Tom and his mother,
And they want a bouquet.

All the Flowers. I hope they pick me!
Oh, I hope they pick me!

Tulip. Let us stand up tall,
So that they can see.

(Enter Tom and his mother.)

Tom. Here, Mother, here is my flower-bed. I brought you out to see it. What do you think of it?

Mother. It is beautiful! Beautiful! Why, Tom,

TOM'S BACK-YARD

I didn't know you were such a gardener. How did you do it?

Tom. I worked at it every day. Shall I pick a bouquet for you?

Mother. Yes, do!

Tom. Let me see—'tis hard to choose—
Which ones? I hesitate.

Tulip. Oh, Tom! Pick me! Oh, do pick me!
I'm standing up so straight.

Daffodil. Look at my glowing petals!
You cannot say me nay.

Pansy. Oh, take me too! Oh, won't I do?

Rose. Put me in that bouquet.

Tom (to each in turn).

Yes, I'll take you—yes, you will do—
You stand so straight and tall,
And you so bright, and you so white—
I think I'll take you all.

(He picks them, i. e., takes them by the hands and they hop out of the flower-bed.)

Now let me tie you in a bunch.
I have some ribbon here.

(He takes ribbon from his pocket, and ties it around the four at about the waist line, drawing them close together as a bunch of flowers.)

Around you all I wind it tight.
There, how's that, Mother dear?

TOM'S BACK-YARD

Mother. I like it very, very much—
So pretty and so gay,
Thank you, Tom, for giving me
Such a nice bouquet.

(She smells and caresses the flowers as curtain falls.)

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

Weeds. Stiff green quills, like magnified grass blades, made of paper, and pinned to stick up from caps, lapels, belts, sleeves, etc.

Flowers. Crepe paper hats suggesting the flower represented, with simple cheese-cloth dresses to match.

Mother. Lady's house dress.

Tom. Ordinary dress.

Tom's hoe must be at hand in the wings, and his ribbon too. One end of the ribbon had best be tied in a bow beforehand, and a large hook and eye on either end respectively will help Tom to bunch his flowers quickly. One of the flowers can assist by holding one end of the ribbon, while Tom carries the ribbon around the group.

Flower-bed. May be represented by a large brown rug.

BRETHREN
A PLAY FOR PEACE DAY

CHARACTERS

ABRAHAM, *Patriarch of the Jews.*
LOT, *Kinsman of Abraham.*
PHELM, *Master Herdman of Abraham.*
SHEBAL } *Herdmen of Abraham.*
MISHELEK }
ARAX, *Master Herdman of Lot.*
ZEBLA } *Herdman of Lot.*
ELTAMAR }
ABIMELECH, *King of Jera.*
BOZCO, *Captain of the Jerazites.*
PHRAXAM, *Jerazite Spy,*
A SENTINEL.
LOT'S WIFE.
MAIDS OF LOT.
SETERAH, *Maid of Abraham.*
OTHER MAIDS OF ABRAHAM.

Brethren

A PLAY FOR PEACE DAY

SCENE: *A green plateau overlooking the distant valley of the Jordan. A rough altar of heaped stones. A well. King Abimelech and Bozco conferring. A sentinel keeping watch at one side.*

King Abimelech. This is the appointed hour. This is the place,—the altar on the hillside west of Jordan. Where is Phraxam that he cometh not?

Bozco. O King Abimelech, if it seemeth good in thy sight, wait yet a little. Peradventure his Jewish master keepeth Phraxam back.

King Abimelech. Said I not, he never would return, when we sent him forth to spy among the Jewish host?

Bozco. Nay, King Abimelech. Phraxam is strong and cunning. He will not be taken.

King Abimelech. And if he come, I fear the tidings he may bring.

Bozco. I marvel. Do I hear Abimelech, King of the Jerazites, give voice to fear? Fear of the nomad Jews?

King Abimelech. Harken, Bozco! Between thee

BRETHREN

and me, let there be no reproach of fear. I am Abimelech, King of the Jerazites. Thou art Bozco, prince of the royal house, and captain of the host. Both are long since tried and proved in many a battle. I fear no foe, except it be the Jews. But they,—verily doth not a blessing rest upon them? Their leader Abraham, men do hold in awe. He buildeth altars, wheresoe'er his tents are pitched. See, even here, standeth an altar, which once he raised and hallowed. I fear lest Abraham be a holy man.

Bozco. The name of Abraham holds not me in awe. Verily this Abraham and his kinsman Lot, with flocks and herds and countless train of herdsmen, have swept unchecked from Ur of the Chaldees, even to Egypt. When they were few, we hindered not their passage, but suffered them freely to come and go. And thus have they waxed numberless. But now the rulers are gathered together against them. And when the princes of the Jerazites lie in wait, Abraham and Lot and all the Jewish shepherds ere long shall bite the dust. Now, yonder behold, our spy returneth. Ho! Phraxam! Hither! (*Enter Phraxam and kneels to King Abimelech.*)

King Abimelech. Rise, Phraxam. What report hast thou?

Phraxam. O King, live forever! I did even according to the word of my lord Bozco. I hid my lance, and took a shepherd's crook, and went among the tents of the Jews. At the feet of Abraham I fell down and prayed that I might be as one of his herd-

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men. His countenance benign he bent upon me, and gave command I should be clothed and fed. Since then I follow his banner and feed his flocks.

Bozco. What are his numbers and his strength?

Phraxam. His numbers are as the sands of the sea for multitude. With holy Abraham journeys Lot, his kinsman. Lot also hath flocks and herds unnumbered. The two together are so great the land is not able to bear them. Therefore I did hear strife between the herdmen of Lot and the herdmen of Abraham. So crowded are they and so numerous. Verily we are too few to fall upon the Jews.

King Abimelech. Woe to my kingdom! Woe to the Jerazites! We may not hope to drive this host away.

Bozco. Nay, King Abimelech, I see a hope for us. Behold there is strife between the herdmen of Lot and the herdmen of Abraham! Now, harken to thy servant Bozco. As Phraxam made himself one of the herdmen of Abraham, so will I link myself with those who follow Lot. We two will then foment the strife between the rival bands. From humble herdmen will the quarreling spread to overseers and to overseers' masters, till the great Lot and even the greater Abraham look coldly on each other. Yea, we will fan their wrath till it bear fruit in flashing javelins, and the two hosts will fall upon each other. Then as they perish each by the other's hand, we Jerazites will hold them in derision and drive the remnant far from out our lands.

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King Abimelech. 'Tis cunningly conceived, O Bozco. Yea, verily, ye thus may wipe out the Jews. Yet, if they be from God, we are as dead men, if our hand is lifted against them.

Bozco. Nay, King Abimelech, our hand we lift not,—only our cunning tongues. And if they be from God, and holy men, then they will not give way to wrath, and war upon each other, for they be brethren. But if they be not from God, nor holy, then will they be persuaded into bloody conflict, even as we tempt them. Thus shall ye know, O King Abimelech, whether or not this Abraham be from God.

King Abimelech. So be it then. I do appoint ye both, Phraxam and Bozco, to go as enemy spies among the shepherds, to stir them up to fall upon each other. If God be with them, this will be prevented. And if He be not, they will be destroyed. But this I charge ye: keep your hands blood-guiltless, and innocent of plundering or wrong. If in truth they have a special blessing, bring not upon our heads the wrath of God. (*Sentinel approaches and kneels.*) What wouldst thou, sentinel?

Sentinel. Between the hills, I can descry the Jews. Directly hitherward their course is shaped.

King Abimelech. Withdraw our troops. (*Exit Sentinel.*) Go and fulfil your mission. (*Exit Bozco and Phraxam. King Abimelech turns toward the altar and raises his hands.*) Oh, unknown God, at this mysterious altar, I raise my hands to thee. Vouchsafe a sign to guide my troubled soul to righteousness and

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light. (*Exit King Abimelech. Long pause. Shouts without. Enter Shebal and Mishalek with staffs in hand and packs on backs.*)

Shebal. We win the race! Here is the altar, and the well beside it. Be this the camp of Abraham's foremost herdmen. Unload, Mishalek. Haste to pitch our tent. (*They work.*)

Mishalek. We need the poles. (*Calling.*) Ho! Ha! (*To Shebal.*) Oh, call to mind the name of that new hireling!

Shebal. 'Tis Phraxam. (*Calling.*) Ho! Phraxam! Bring the poles! (*To Mishalek as he unpacks cloth and utensils.*) Give me the pitcher there. My throat is parched. (*He stoops to fill pitcher at well-spring. Enter Phraxam with tent poles.*)

Mishalek. We pitch our tent here, Phraxam.

Phraxam. A choice place! By a well-spring! For once the men of Lot have not the best.

Shebal. For once! Why that for once! The men of Abraham suffer none others to go before them in camp or on the march.

Mishalek. That they do not. Aye! Aye!

Phraxam. Oh, Abraham's herdmen are the better men. Yea, verily, and so all the stranger that they should crowd us from the ford of Kedron. We stood there with our cattle half yesternoon while they ahead crossed over. I saw Lot's master-herdman, Zebba, point the finger at thee, Mishalek.

Mishalek. At me? Wherefore at me?

Phraxam. I do not know, but all of Lot's men

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laughed. I marvelled why. I saw naught to laugh at because proud Mishalek had to wait for them.

Mishalek (angrily, waving goad). They shall yet feel the goad of Mishalek across their face. The men of Lot are shameless.

Shebal. Well, if their cattle took the ford before us, the men of Abraham triumph this time, for the well is ours, and eke the sacred altar.

Mishalek. And not one of Lot's herdmen will we suffer here, but force them to get water from the river.

Phraxam. Aye! Well sayest thou, brave Mishalek. And then mayest thou the finger point at them! So! here come the women. Hoi-ho! Hither! The well is here and all our throats are parched.

First Maiden (calling without). We will draw for you. We'll fetch our pitchers.

Shebal. Come, Mishalek, and raise the tent with me. (*Exit with poles.*)

Mishalek. I come. (*Going.*) I yet will dash to earth the pride of Lot. They laugh and point the finger at me, do they? (*Exit. Enter Maidens, and, one at a time, kneel and fill pitchers.*)

First Maiden. Oh see, we camp again by Father Abraham's altar.

Second Maiden. A fair and holy place.

Phraxam (to third maiden). Thou maiden fair to look upon as budding lotos flower —

Seterah (laughing). Fair are the words of Phraxam—when he thirsts. (*Sets down vase from her shoulder and allows Phraxam to drink from it.*)

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Phraxam. Ah! it is good. I will requite thee, fair one, and when the maids of Lot call thee ill-favored, I'll scatter them with rods.

Seterah (to other girls). He says the maids of Lot call me ill-favored!

Phraxam. Nay, not thee more than the others. I only heard them saying, all the maids of Abraham's house are foul of face and ill to look upon.

First Maiden. Ho! Have the maids of Lot looked on their own countenances in the river pools? They are as brown as is the mud of the bottom.

Second Maiden. Look! Here they come now. Let us forbid them this well. (*Enter a group of maids of Lot.*)

First Maid of Lot. Hail, maids of the house of Abraham! Suffer us to draw at thy well.

Seterah. This well is beside the altar of our Father Abraham. Let the maids of Lot fetch from the river below.

Maids of Lot. Nay. We will draw here!

Second Maid of Lot. The river is distant a full furlong.

Phraxam. Depart, ye maids of Lot! Sooth. (*To Maids of Abraham.*) 'Tis even as ye say, their countenance is as the mud of puddles.

First Maid of Lot. Say they so? For shame, ye maids of Abram! For the household of Abraham and the household of Lot are kin. But now stand aside and let us draw, or we will strive with ye. (*They try to push past the maids of Abraham, who resist with*

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exclamations such as, "Have done!" "Make way!" "Let go!" "Begone!" Phraxam, seeing an opportunity, pushes Seterah so that she falls almost into the well and then he instantly catches by the arm a daughter of Lot as though restraining her. The maids of Abraham dart to uplift the falling girl, and catch her up from the mouth of the well. The maids of Lot try to make Phraxam release their mate, and all cry out.)

Phraxam. This maid smote down Seterah! Ah, wicked one! I caught thee in the act. (Enter Shebal and Mishalek.) See, here the troublous maids of Lot, come to torment our women.

Maids of Abraham (pointing to girl in Phraxam's hand). She smote down Seterah into the well.

Mishalek. Thou evil-doer. I'll take my goad to thee. (Threatens and girls shriek. Enter Zebal and Eltamar followed by Bozco.)

Zebal (to Phraxam). Let go her arm. (Phraxam obeys. Zebal instantly puts maid behind him and faces Phraxam. Phraxam shrinks, backs, and dodges before him until Shebal comes to his aid and Phraxam gets behind Shebal. Shebal and Zebal square at each other. At the same time Eltamar jumps to wrest the goad from Mishalek who struggles to keep it. All talk at once in angry ejaculations such as—"You cur of Lot!" "Goad the maids, will ye?" "Down with the house of Abraham!" "Stand to the fight!" "Ye dare not!" In the background the maids of Abraham dispute and threaten the maids of Lot.)

Bozco (beckoning off). Arax! This way! This

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way! Succor the men of Lot! Hold your own, men of Lot. Here comes the master herdman. Show your valor! (*Several men of Lot run in, among them Arax, the overseer.*) My lord Arax! Behold the men of Abraham goad the men and maids of Lot.

Arax. Cease fighting! Cease this brawl unseemly, cease! (*He rushes to part the combatants. They resist his efforts. Shebal and Mishalek are now struggling against two each. They look about as though for a chance to flee.*)

Phraxam. Stand your ground, men of Abraham! See help coming! See the master herdman Phelim, your overseer! (*Enter fiercely Abraham's overseer, Phelim.*)

Phelim (violently to Arax and drawing sword). Ha! Arax, son of Lot, fighting the under-herdmen! Shame upon thee! An overseer brawling with the men!

Arax (leaving the men to answer Phelim fiercely). 'Tis thou who brawlest, thou vile Lord Phelim. I did but seek to part them.

Phelim (interrupting). Thou hypocrite ——

Arax. Harken, thou fool ——

Phelim. No, for I hate thy tongue as I do hate all Abraham's house, and thee! (*He attacks him. They fence furiously. General mêlée. King Abimelech appears watching at one side, his kingly robe concealed by a long cloak. Enter Lot, followed by Lot's wife.*)

Lot's Wife. My Lord! Oh, Lot! Lot! Come back! Oh, they will kill thee!

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Lot (shaking her off, drawing sword and rushing to center). Back, dogs!

Lot's Men (with a shout). Lot! Hosannah! Lot with us! (They gather beside and behind him; Abraham's men facing them valiantly.)

Lot. On with the fight! (He begins to shout, striding forward with a backward look to command the men behind him. They appear about to leap forward with him. He finishes the words with a quick turn forward, bringing him face to face with Abraham who has suddenly appeared behind and stepped between his men to face Lot. Abraham is calm and mild of face. By one hand he supports himself upon a staff, the other is upraised, palm out as in gesture of forbidding. Lot and the other men gasp, "Abraham!" Then instant silence. Tableau. Slowly the fighters lower weapons, as Abraham gravely looks at each. At last his gaze returns to Lot. Pause. Lot hangs his head. Slowly Abraham lowers his upraised hand toward Lot as commanding his attention. Lot's eyes remain downcast.)

Abraham (with quiet, compelling voice and sweet tone). ¹Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. (Pause. Lot lifts his head, looks into Abraham's eye, then falls on his knee and clasps Abraham's hand and presses his forehead on it. Tableau.)

Lot (looking up at Abraham). Abraham! Since

¹Genesis 13:8.

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thou didst call me from Chaldea to journey with thee, behold I have prospered like unto thee. Now I, like thee, have cattle and flocks and tents; and thine and mine together are so great the land is not able to bear them. And therefore is there strife between our herdmen.

Abraham. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart unto the right, then I will go to the left. (*Lot bows again on Abraham's hand, then rises and looks afar to the left and to the right.*)

Lot. Blessed be Abraham! When I lift mine eyes, behold I see the plain of Jordan, well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord. (*Turning to Abraham.*) I choose me all the plain of Jordan.

Abraham (pointing to opposite side). Then will I dwell in Canaan. Go, my brother. (*They join right hands and each puts the left on the other's shoulder.*) Thus we will separate ourselves the one from the other. (*They kiss on both cheeks.*)

Lot's Wife. Blessed be Abraham! We shall have peace. Peace! Oh, sing, all ye women, thanksgiving to the Lord!

Abraham. Yea. For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Sing both men and women, hallelujah to the Lord.

(*Music. "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" a selection from the chorus in Handel's Messiah, including the first sixteen measures, repeated*

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twice, with the first five hallelujah's added as a conclusion, to be sung as follows:)

Song.

Lot's Wife. Hallelujah!

Women of Lot. Hallelujah!

Men and Women of Lot. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

Women of Abraham. Hallelujah, hallelujah!

Men and Women of Abraham. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!

All. For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! (*And so on repeating from the beginning in full chorus, while Lot points the way to his party, and they obediently follow him out, singing in recession, the song finally concluding thus:)*

Men and Women of Abraham. Hallelujah!

Men and Women of Lot (without). Hallelujah!

Men and Women of Abraham. Hallelujah!

Men and Women of Lot (without). Hallelujah!
(*Pianissimo.*) Hallelujah!

(*Abraham turns and is about to approach altar. King Abimelech comes forward and a band of servants appear. Abraham's men and maids group on the other side.*)

Abimelech (throwing back his cloak). Abraham! Thou man of God! (*Abraham turns back to look at him intently.*)

Abraham. Who art thou in kingly robe, that callest on Abraham?

Abimelech. Abimelech calls thee, King of the Jera-

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zites. Vouchsafe, I pray thee, to make a covenant of peace with me, for I have seen that God is with thee in all that thou doest.

Abraham. Say on, O King Abimelech.

Abimelech. Behold, my land is before thee. Dwell where it pleaseth thee. (*Abimelech's servants kneel and display cloth of rich colors and vessels of gold and silver.*) And lo, I bring offering for thee of my royal treasure, praying that thou wilt take of my hand and covenant peace with me, for verily it hath been shown to me, thou art from God.

Abraham (giving his hand). According to thy kindness I will do unto thee, and to the land wherein I shall sojourn.

Abimelech. Come let us swear before this holy altar.

Abraham. God shall witness there our covenant of peace.

(*With right hands still joined they advance to the altar, and face each other there, while the phrase, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," is heard without, sung pianissimo, as the curtain falls.*)

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

For the very simple robes, shawls and head scarfs required, see any illustrated Bible. Abraham has venerable white hair and beard, soft, long, white under-robe and dark cloak. King Abimelech a robe of rich coloring, perhaps purple with gold borders. In the opening scene, King Abimelech's men should

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have spears and shields. The herdmen may carry crooks, staves or goads, and the maids, water-jars.

The altar should appear to be built of rough stones, as also the coping of the well.

Note to Producer: It is suggested that the actors go through this play in pantomime several times before learning the words. This will expedite an adequate conception of the play.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE
AN INTERLUDE FOR MEMORIAL DAY

CHARACTERS

FANCY
SPRING
HONOR
FREEDOM

Spirits of the Flowers

{ SNOWDROPS
DAFFODILS
VIOLETS
ROSEBUDS

How Sleep the Brave

AN INTERLUDE FOR MEMORIAL DAY

(Based on Collin's Hymn, "How Sleep the Brave.")

SCENE: *A green arch between green hedges, representing the entrance to a cemetery in the springtime. A glimpse of green-bordered pathway within. Enter Fancy to speak the prologue.*

Fancy.

Attracted by the lovely greening hedge,
And green-draped arching gate, have I strayed
hither.

It is a place unwonted to my feet,
For I am Fancy. Oftener I flit
Where fountains leap, or shepherdesses rove,
Or dolphins play in gay and sportive scene.
Here all is still, all wrapped in holy calm,
Dim-lighted through green shade of sheltering
boughs.

Is this a place for me, mere Fancy, to intrude?
Yet I would breathe awhile this air celestial.
My spirit lacks not reverence, and indeed,
As here I stand before this simple portal,
Which signifies the entrance to God's Acre,
The deeper springs within my heart upwell
In tribute and memorial to the brave.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

Suffer me then to make my offering,
In simple poesy, a play of Fancy,
Wreathing about the thought of Spring's return;
And Spring shall come before you as a queen
Attended by the spirits of the flowers,
Snowdrops, her heralds,—daffodils, her
squires,—

Rosebuds and violets, her maids of honor.
Then, at Spring's mandate, shall the flower
spirits

Open the buds and ring the flower bells,
And at the summoning sound, shall greater
spirits

Make pilgrimage hitherward as to a shrine.

Thus not presumptuously, but in true homage,
Here at the gate, I, Fancy, now unfurl
My filmy wings and take my rainbow flight.

*(Exit Fancy, as though flying. Music. Enter
First Snowdrop.)*

First Snowdrop (peering about, then calling).
Snowdrops! Ho, Sister Snowdrops! *(She listens.*
Music stops.)

Voices without. Coming, Sister, coming.

First Snowdrop. This way, Sister Snowdrops.
(Enter the other Snowdrops.)

Second Snowdrop. Is this the place?

First Snowdrop (pointing). Here stands the sacred
portal.

Third Snowdrop. Is this the time?

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

First Snowdrop. See for yourselves, sweet Sisters,
By every sign the time is close at hand. (*They examine everything.*)

Fourth Snowdrop. On every twig the sturdy leaves
stand forth in green array.

Second Snowdrop. From every clod of fertile sod,
upspring the grasses gay.

Third Snowdrop. Upon my cheek the gentle air is
fanning and caressing.

Fourth Snowdrop. The tender blue of curving sky
bends o'er us like a blessing.

First Snowdrop. And sunny rays, sweet sister
fays, that flood the smiling land—

Second Snowdrop. All, all, the same glad news pro-
claim,—

All (joyously). The Spring! The Spring's at
hand! (*They look off to one side and the other.*)

Third Snowdrop.

Are other flowers coming?

They should now be here.

Fourth Snowdrop.

Nay. Each in order due,

Thus should flowers appear:

Snowdrops first of all

Bravely rise alone,

Peeping, tiptoe tall,

Over stick and stone.

(*The Snowdrops tiptoe and peep to this side and that.*)

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

Then stand forth daffodils,
With helmets all of gold.
They sentinel the hills,
And fright away the cold.

(Enter Daffodils, marching and taking their stand like soldiers on guard.)

Then, stealing o'er the plain,
Come little violets,
Spring's shy attendant train,
Her darlings and her pets.

(Enter Violets, stealing shyly in.)

While rosebuds peep and flush,
Afraid to come too soon,
Then blossom in a rush
To be in time for June.

(Enter Rosebuds, hesitating in the wings, then hand-in-hand, making a sudden rush, and laughing, while all smile at them.)

First Violet (looking off and speaking in joyous excitement). The Spring is here!

Several Other Flowers (similarly). The Spring!
(Enter Spring.)

All the Flowers (kneeling). The Spring!

(Spring smiles around, and salutes all with a wave of her scepter. All the flowers rise and burst into song,—“Welcome, Sweet Springtime,” as sung to Rubinstein's melody in F, or other appropriate spring song, if possible, one known to the audience, so that all may join in.)

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

Spring (when song ceases).

Ye gentle fays and spirits of the flowers,
Know ye this sacred meeting-place of ours?
Why, in the hey-day of our flowery riot,
Hitherward, where all is hushed and quiet,
With sad and sober mien, and forehead lowly,
I bid you enter yonder portal holy?
Beyond that gate, where arching willows lean,
And wave and droop o'er silent tents of green,
In their last bivouac and martial bed,
Repose the nation's honorable dead.

When winter holds his sway o'er all below,
He drapes their graves with whitest starry
snow.

And now when I, the Spring, return to rule,
Blessing the mold with dewy fingers cool,
No other place so richly will I deck
With tender flower hue, and sunny fleck,
With fragrant breeze and every woodland
grace,

As this the patriot heroes' resting-place.
Now fays, the entering pathway first beflower,
Then reverently, within, your bounty shower.

*(Sweet music, and stately dance of flower spirits.
Violets scatter little violets from their pockets, and
Daffodils, little daffodils. Snowdrops kneel and erect
their flowers against the base of hedge. Rosebud spir-
its take garlands from their persons and fling them
over the arch, making it appear overrun with climbing*

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

roses. Spring stands center, waving her star-tipped wand. Some of the flower spirits pass within the arch, bedeck what can be seen of the borders of the path, and then pass out of sight as though continuing the work beyond. In conclusion, all run back and form tableau about Spring, kneeling or leaning forward and extending hands, as though asking for approval. Music ceases.)

Spring.

Well done, bright flower souls. The place is meet.
And now the ceremony due shall be complete.
By fairy hands the knell shall now be rung,
By spirit voices shall the dirge be sung;
For when we toll each little flower bell,
We wake to song the choir invisible
Of spirits good who haunt this region blest,
To soothe the soldier's everlasting rest.
Now make the gentle flower bells to ring,
And hovering forms beneficent to sing.

(Flower spirits raise arms and give pantomime of slowly pulling invisible bell-ropes. As they do so, bells without ring in chords, making prelude and then accompaniment to dirge. The dirge is sung by singers behind the scenes.)

Singers Without.

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep,
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

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Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers.
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.¹

(During the last lines, enter, with slow step, Honor, at one side, and Freedom at the other.)

First Snowdrop (addressing Spring, and indicating Honor).

Yonder who comes to attend our mournful rite?
His eyes are hooded, though his garb is bright.
His laurels brave on pilgrim staff he bears.
With mien majestic, mournful weeds he wears.

First Violet (addressing Spring on other side, and indicating Freedom).

And here behold, another with bent brow,
Draws near the portal, silently and slow.
Her dress the nation's emblem, but o'erspread
With sable shroud that veils her drooping head.

Spring.

The first is Honor, come, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps the soldier's clay.
The other, Freedom. Thus she doth appear,
To dwell a while a weeping hermit here.

(Song by the Flowers, and if possible, also by the audience, as all on stage begin slow procession through the gate, with bowed heads, and hands on breast.)

¹ Longfellow. *Decoration Day.*

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

All (singing).

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.¹

CURTAIN

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

Snowdrops. White dresses with green over-dresses. Over-dresses slit up from bottom at intervals to show white underneath. White flowing sleeves of under-dress appear through sleeveless over-dress. Green caps from beneath which flow white veils deeply scalloped with a touch of green at tip of each scallop suggesting inverted snowdrop. Veils may cover back and sides of the head, but part before faces.

Violets and Daffodils. Like Snowdrops, but under-dresses of violet and gold respectively, and caps with jaunty crêpe paper petals in place of veils.

Rosebuds. Costumed in like manner, but draped and crowned

¹Collins.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

with rosebud garlands. The effect should be more green than pink, both to suggest roses in bud, and to keep the color harmony of the whole tableau.

Spring. Thin white draperies, and long flowing sleeves, all edged with silver tinsel. Star-tipped silver crown and wand.

Fancy. Dress of gauzy white, with rainbow wings suggested by filmy cape from shoulders, striped in blue, pink and pale yellow. Head-dress a crown of pale rainbow stripes. Iridescent beads would add to this costume.

Honor. Under-tunic of gold or of white, gold-bordered. Gold sandals. An open domino of gray, over all, with a big cowl covering bent head and half concealing face. He carries a green laurel wreath attached to a pilgrim staff.

Freedom. White under-dress, with over-drape of large American flag. Very thin black veiling envelops entire figure, including bent head.

NOTE. For the invisible bells, ordinary drinking glasses may be lightly struck behind scenes. They are tuned by regulating the amount of water in them.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE
A PLAY FOR GRADUATION DAY

CHARACTERS

MEMORY, *the spirit of the past.*

LIFE, *the spirit of the present.*

PROPHECY, *the spirit of the future.*

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.

(Appearing in the various episodes.)

SAILOR'S WIFE.

COMMUTER.

NEIGHBOR.

FRENCHMAN.

THREE BUSINESS MEN,

CONDUCTOR.

MOTHER.

FOUR TOURISTS.

CHILD.

GRANDMOTHER.

SHOPPER.

YOUNG GIRL.

DANCING GIRLS.

Note: The parts of the neighbor, child, Frenchman and young girl should be taken by persons not members of the graduating class, since these parts are not prophetic of a graduate's future, as the others are.

Past, Present and Future

A PLAY FOR GRADUATION DAY

(Enter before the curtain, Memory, Life and Prophecy, hand in hand.)

Memory, Life and Prophecy (in concert).

Oh, we are the sisters three,
Of lineage sublime,
Past and Present and Future,
Daughters of Father Time;
And one foretells what is to be,
And one records the past,
And one is queen of the present scene,—
Ah, the moments are flying fast!
Past and Present and Future,
Hark to the sisters three,
Truth eternal we unfold
To those who have eyes to see.

Life (with gestures wafting the others to either side). Past, you are but Memory. Future, you are but Prophecy. I am the present, here and now; to me belongs this hour. In the lives of boys and girls, this is a momentous occasion. Here are gathered their friends and kin to do them honor. The principal and teachers of the school are present to wish them God-speed. The diplomas are signed and tied with ribbons. Hearts are beating high. The musician is

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

seated at the piano. Hark! The graduates are about to begin their song. (*She steps aside. Curtain rises on the graduating class.*)

Graduates (singing. Tune, "Sing me to sleep").

Laden with roses, June is here,
Loveliest time of all the year,
Bringing us joy and bringing us pain,
Song of triumph and sad refrain.

Chorus:

Farewell, companions, loved for so long,
Schooldays are over, sad is our song.
Fain would we linger, fain would we dwell—
Home of our schooldays, we bid thee farewell.

Lessons are over, bravely done,
Ended our labor, honors won.
Yet with our joy is mingled pain,—
Never will our childhood return again.

Chorus:

Farewell, companions, etc.

Life (after the song). They sing sweetly, but their song is sad. Sisters, what cheer can you offer to these graduates?

Memory. Dear boys and girls, do not be saddened by the thought of parting from your school and from each other, for wherever you go, I am going with you.

Murmur of Graduates. You? Who are you?

Memory. I am the spirit of the past. My name is Memory. (*Sings, tune, "Oft in the Stilly Night."*)

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Oft, when the coming years
Shall cast their shadows o'er you,
Memory, 'mid smiles and tears,
Will bring the past before you.
Again you'll see, in memory,
Your schooldays calmly gliding,
And friends of old, whom still you hold,
In love and faith abiding.
Life's morning turns to night,
And shadows lengthen o'er you,
Still, memory keeps the light
Of childhood days before you.

All (sing softly, to the tune of the refrain).

Life's morning turns to night,
And shadows lengthen o'er us,
Memory will keep the light
Of childhood days before us.

(Several graduates cluster in loving attitude about Memory.)

First Graduate. Dear Memory!

Second Graduate. You will bring back our school-days.

Memory. Yes. Wherever you go, I will go with you.

First Graduate. Oh, Memory, can you foretell the future?

Memory. Oh no, I cannot do that. I am the spirit of the past. If you want to know the future, you must ask my sister.

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Several Graduates. Your sister?

Memory. Yes. You must ask of her (*indicating*) the spirit of the future. Her name is Prophecy.

First Graduate. Oh, Prophecy! Can you show us our future lives?

Prophecy. I can.

First Graduate. Will Memory go with us in the future?

Prophecy. Yes indeed. Shall I now pronounce my enchantment,—unveil the future for you, and show you how, over and over again, you will remember your schooldays?

Many Graduates (with signs of interest.) Yes, yes. Oh do!

Prophecy (stepping forward).

Fall, curtain, on our life to-day,—

Shut out the present scene,

Sweep on and forward, Father Time,

Pass by the years between.

(*As she speaks, curtain falls, shutting out all but Prophecy.*)

Let boyhood change to manhood,

Girlhood to womanhood,

And let appear what is to be

Of evil or of good.

Dread Fate and unknown Destiny,

My magic call obey,

Lift up the veil, and let the cloud

In vision melt away.

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For now, by secret magic word,
And cabalistic sign,
I, Spirit of the Future, show
The power that is mine.

(Here she moves to one side, makes passes in the air, and pronounces charms in dumb show, till the curtain rises.)

NOTE: *The following scenes may be used as they stand, or they may serve as simple models, to aid graduates in making original scenes based on actual class history.*

(SCENE: *A sitting-room. A table bears a rack of attractive books. There are two comfortable chairs. The sailor's wife is seen at one side as though watching from a window. She appears a middle-aged woman.*)

Prophecy (indicating the scene). Here we will take our first look into the future: 'Tis a house by the sea, the home of a sailor. He has just departed on a long voyage, leaving his wife at home alone.

Voice (outside, shouting). All aboard!

Sailor's Wife (watching). There he is! There he is! *(Waving handkerchief.)* He sees me! *(Waves.)* He's waving back! *(Calling.)* Good-bye, Jack, good-bye!

Voice (outside). Good-bye,—good-bye!

Sailor's Wife (waving). Good-bye!

Voice (outside, singing,—tune, chorus of "Nancy Lee").

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The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be.

Yo-ho, lads, ho, across the sea!

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,

The sailor's wife his star shall be!

(He repeats the refrain, his voice dying away, as though receding.)

Sailor's Wife (watching, then sighing). He's gone! *(Sighs.)* Oh dear, it will be so long before he comes home again! *(Sits at table, rests her head on her hand, muses sadly, and presently looks at books. She passes her hand over them caressingly, takes one, opens it and begins to read. Pause. A knock at the door.)* Come in! *(Enter a neighbor.)*

Neighbor. Good afternoon.

Sailor's Wife. Why, good afternoon, Neighbor, come in and sit down.

Neighbor. Thank you. *(Accepting chair.)* I came to keep you company a while. I thought you'd be feeling lonely now that your husband has gone to sea.

Sailor's Wife. Thank you, my kind neighbor. That was very thoughtful of you.

Neighbor. It must be hard to be a sailor's wife. Poor dear! I can imagine how lonesome it is, when you are all by yourself, day after day, and nothing to do but mope.

Sailor's Wife. It is lonesome,—very lonesome at times; but I don't mope. I know a better way than that to pass the time.

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Neighbor. What is that?

Sailor's Wife. When I am alone, and have no work to do, I read.

Neighbor. Oh, yes, reading is a good thing,—but of course, books are not friends.

Sailor's Wife. My books are, the best of friends,—life-long friends. They are always with me. When all else leave me, these remain, and I have but to stretch out my hand to them at any time for cheer and company. (*Puts hand on books.*) There are some books here that I never tire of. (*Memory steals in and hovers behind her.*) Yes, there are some here that I've loved ever since I was a girl in school.

Neighbor. What books are they?

Sailor's Wife. Well, here's one, "The Merchant of Venice." Did you ever read that? It's about Portia, who made the beautiful plea for mercy. She's one of my ideals. (*With growing enthusiasm.*) And Ellen Douglas is another, the lovely lady of the lake. And here's Irving's "Sketch-book,"—did you ever read it?—with Rip Van Winkle who slept twenty years in the Catskill Mountains,—served him right, too!—and Ichabod Crane, the poor simpleton, scared to death of the headless horseman,—I never get tired of laughing at him! And here is a book of my favorite poems. Don't you love poetry? I was reading such a beautiful song when you came in,—"The Bugle Song," by Tennyson. Have you ever read it? (*Neighbor shakes head.*) When I read this poem, it carries me to the mountains, and I see them looming

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before me, bathed in the light of sunrise, and I hear the echoes waked by the hunter's horn. And then the poet compares the mountain echoes to the love in human hearts, soul answering to soul through boundless time and space. So I find comfort here (*hand on book*) when my sailor is far away.—Would you like to hear the poem? Shall I read it to you?

Neighbor. Yes, do.

Sailor's Wife (*reading*).

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.¹

(*As she reads, Memory waves her wand, and the sailor's wife lifts her eyes from the book, continuing the reading without pause.*)

Neighbor. Why, you know it without looking on the book!

Sailor's Wife. Oh yes, I learned it when I was a

¹Tennyson. *Bugle Song* from *The Princess*.

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girl, and Memory brings it back to me. (*Repeating softly.*) "Our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever."

(*Soft music, the air of Memory's song, as the curtain falls. Music continues, during quick change of scene.*)

Prophecy (when new scene is ready). Now I will reveal another future scene. We shall see the office of a firm of prosperous, metropolitan business men, and it will be hard to think that they were once boys in the school.

(*Curtain rises on an office interior. A sign on the door says, HARRIS, MACPHERSON AND OPPENHEIM, BANKERS. In production, of course, actual names of boys in the class will be substituted for these. Two men, Harris and Macpherson, are seated talking.*)

Harris. Oh, if I get the nomination.—What time is it? Oppenheim ought to be back by now.

Macpherson. It's only four. He can't be back till four-thirty at the soonest. Don't worry, Harris, they are sure to nominate you, and if they do, you'll be the next mayor. It's a sure thing.

Harris (smiling to himself). Mayor!

Macpherson. Mayor Harris! Sounds well—eh?

Harris. Oh hush, Macpherson, I'm not even nominated yet.

Macpherson. It's certain to come in my opinion. Oppenheim is probably proposing your name now.

Harris. Did he say he'd come right here from the meeting?

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Macpherson. He did. And it's only a step from the hall. Hello! Here he is now. (*Enter Oppenheim, and the others jump up.*) What news?

Harris. What is it?

Oppenheim. The nominating committee have sent me to offer you the nomination for mayor.

Macpherson. Hurrah! Hurrah! You win, Harris. Our party is sure to carry the election. Hurrah for Harris, the next mayor!

Harris. I tell you, Macpherson and Oppenheim, I appreciate the way you have stood by me, and if I am elected mayor, I'll count on you to help me give this city a clean, efficient administration.

Macpherson. Hear! Hear! We'll do it. (*Suddenly noticing depressed expression on the part of Oppenheim.*) Hello, Oppenheim,—what's the matter with you?

Oppenheim. I haven't told you yet, the conditions on which the nomination is offered.

Harris. What are they?

Oppenheim. First let me say, I did everything I could to oppose these conditions. But you will know me well enough for that. The worst element in the organization has prevailed.

Macpherson. What do you mean?

Oppenheim (to Harris). They want you to promise to award the new street-car contract to Crook and Sinecure of the Fraud Construction Company.

Macpherson. What! The big street-car contract to Crook and Sinecure! He can't do that!

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Oppenheim. The nominating committee say, the Fraud Company will practically bear the expenses of the campaign, if they are promised the contract.

Macpherson. Tell them that Harris would sooner tramp the streets a beggar. Tell them he throws their insulting offer back in their faces. Tell them—why don't you speak for yourself, Harris?

Harris. It's an awful temptation.

Macpherson. You don't mean to say, you're thinking of it!

Harris. What do you say, Oppenheim?

Oppenheim. You must decide for yourself, Harris.

Harris. Mayor! To be Mayor! Yet to lend my aid to cheating my city. All my life I have kept my name clean—but this is my chance! My chance! If I refuse this, my political career is ended, probably, and all my ambitions go to the wall! Mayor!—Then maybe—governor—and then—who knows?—Governors before this have mounted higher.—It is my road—I have a chance —— (*Long pause. Enter Memory, who waves wand behind. Harris goes on dreamily.*) Boys, years ago, when we were at school together, in our history,—do you remember?—who was it that had a chance to be nominated for president, if he would go against his convictions,—don't you know?—that great compromise fellow——

Oppenheim. You mean Henry Clay.

Harris. Yes! Henry Clay. And what was it that he said?

Oppenheim. He said, "Sir, I would rather be right

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than President." *(Pause. Harris seizes the telephone.)*

Harris. Give me Main 700. *(Pause.)* This is Harris—to speak with the chairman. Yes—yes—My answer is this: Sir, if I am elected, I will oppose any contract with the Fraud Construction Company. I want nothing to do with them or you, and I refuse the nomination. *(Hangs up receiver, and stands erect, Macpherson seizing his hand, and Oppenheim clapping him on the shoulder. Curtain. Music.)*

Prophecy (before the curtain as before). Again I prophesy: And now I see an airship flying over the ocean. It flies so high that its dangling passenger cabin looks no bigger than my little finger. But that cabin is really large enough to take a dozen passengers to Europe. Let us take a look at these aerial tourists, and perhaps we shall see some that we have known.

(Curtain rises. SCENE: Interior of an airship cabin. This scene may be suggested by a row of seats against a background of screens, with circles of light gray cardboard, framed in black, fastened against the screens at regular intervals to suggest portholes. Tourists occupy the seats, and are wrapped in rugs, furs, etc.)

Child. Oh, Mother, what makes it so cold?

Mother. That's because we are so high above the earth, dear. Look out of the porthole, and see how far below the earth is.

Child (obeying). Oh, Mother, the sea has little wrinkles in it! *(All smile.)*

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First Tourist. Wrinkles! Why, little girl, those are the great waves of the ocean.

Child. They look like tiny wrinkles.

Mother. That shows how high up we are. (*Enter Conductor, costumed like an aviator.*)

Conductor. Tickets, please. (*All get out tickets, which Conductor punches.*)

Second Tourist. How fast are we going now, Conductor?

Conductor. Six hundred miles an hour, sir.

Shopper. It's certainly a slow trip. Five hours to sit cramped up in an airship! And it's the second time this week I've had to go to Europe too!

First Tourist. Too bad! How was it?

Shopper. Why, it was for my spring shopping. I went to Paris Thursday, and bought all my dresses and hats for the season. And when I returned to New York on Friday, I found that one of my hats didn't match the dress it was to go with. So here, on Saturday, I find myself obliged to take it back to Paris, (*holding up a hat box*) and change it! So annoying!

Commuter. That's nothing, Madam; you ought to be a commuter, like me. My business is in New York, but my family live in Paris; so I have to commute, every week-end.

Second Tourist. I wouldn't be a commuter for anything. I hate this tedious airship travelling.

Commuter. I get enough of it! It takes me five hours every Saturday to get home. And coming back, I have to get up at four o'clock Monday morning in

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Paris, in order to reach my New York office at nine! I wish they'd get some faster airships on this line.

Conductor (who has now reached the last passenger, the Frenchman, seen to be asleep in his chair). Tickets, please. Tickets! (Very loudly.) Tickets!

Frenchman (waking with sudden start, and hastily getting out ticket). Parr-rr-don! (Conductor punches his ticket, and goes out. Frenchman rubs his eyes, and turns to his neighbor.) Parr-rr-don, Monsieur, I have sleep. Will you do for me ze favor to tell ze time?

Third Tourist (looking at his watch). Eleven o'clock, sir.

Frenchman. Merci. Bien! I had fear I sleep past ze dinnaire-time.

Third Tourist. Oh, no, it's an hour yet before dinner-time.

Frenchman. Merci!

Fourth Tourist. You had a good nap, sir.

Frenchman. You must parr-rr-don. I have fatigue. I travel all day yesterday, too. Yes, yesterday, I have sight-see all America.

Fourth Tourist. Ah! Was it your first trip to America?

Frenchman. Oui. I live all my life in la belle France. I never had see America. So yesterday, I took—w'at you call him?—a day off, to sight-see America.

Third Tourist. How did you like our country?

Frenchman. Oh, eet ees grr-rr-and! I took—w'at

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you call—a pairsonallee conducted airsheep. Eet flew ovair ze Statue of Leeberty, Niaga-rr-rr-ra Falls, Pike's Peak, ze Yellowstone, ze Golden Gate, ze Grr-rand Canyon,—I have see eet all!

Fourth Tourist. No wonder you are tired to-day.

Frenchman. Oui, oui. Eet ees too much for one day to see all America. Ze next time I come, I will do it slowlee, and take two days. (*Bugle call sounds without.*) Ha! Dinnaire! (*Exit rapidly, followed by Shopper and Commuter.*)

Mother. What can that be?

First Tourist (looking at watch). That can't be the bugle call for dinner.

Second Tourist (looking at watch). It's only eleven, by my time.

Third Tourist (calling off at one side). Steward! Was that the call for dinner?

Voice (without). Yes, sir. (*All seem puzzled. Memory glides in and waves her wand.*)

Mother. Oh, I know! It's the longitude!

Fourth Tourist. What do you mean?

Mother. Why, our watches are all set for New York time. We must be now about fifteen degrees east of New York. Therefore the time here is one hour earlier.

Second Tourist. Then it is really twelve o'clock instead of eleven, and we must all put our watches ahead.

All. Oh, yes! (*They set watches, laughing.*)

Mother. I remember my teacher explaining that,

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when I was a child at school. (*They go out to dinner as the curtain falls. Music during quick change of scene.*)

Prophecy. And now I look far, far ahead. I see an old, old lady, a dear old grandmother. You would scarcely think, to see her now, that she was once a little girl in the school. And yet, as you watch her, you will find, that in spite of her white hair and spectacles, her heart has not changed at all in the long years.

(*Curtain rises, discovering little old lady knitting in an easy chair. Enter young girl, with old tattered book.*)

Young Girl. Look, Grandmother, what I found in the attic! An old music-book of yours. May I play from it?

Grandmother (without looking up). Yes, yes,—play anything you like. (*Exit young girl. Piano music heard behind scenes. Grandmother stops knitting. Memory enters behind and waves wand.*) Bless my soul! That's what they used to play when I went to school! It is a tune we used to dance to, when we learned folk dances,—years ago, in our school gymnasium. Oh, yes, I remember! (*Laughs.*) It was the Irish jig. (*Taps her foot musingly, nods, and falls asleep.*)

Memory. She is asleep. Dear old soul! I will bring back the old times in a dream. (*Waves wand. Enter a group of graduates. Grandmother rises in lively manner, and greets them joyously. In produc-*

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tion, names of actual girls in the class should, of course, be used.)

Grandmother. It is the girls, come back! Oh, Mabel! Kitty! Alice! Oh, oh, to see you all again!

Girls (variously). Hello, Sarah! Hello, Sarah! Come, let's have a dance. (*Music repeats without, and all dance the Irish jig, Sarah in the center. At conclusion, music ceases, girls flit out, and Sarah sinks sleeping in the arms of Memory, who gently replaces her in the chair and goes out. Enter the young girl.*)

Young Girl. I like this old music, Grandmother,—did you hear that jolly old tune I was just playing? Oh,—she has fallen asleep!—What a beautiful smile she has! I wonder what she has been dreaming. (*Curtain. Enter Life before the curtain.*)

Life (wafting aside Prophecy). Not to the future, no—(*Enter Memory, who is immediately wafted aside also*)—nor to the past, belongs this hour, but to the living present. I summon back the graduating class as now it is,—all boys and girls as yet,—far, far removed from politicians and grandmothers.

(*Curtain rises on all the graduates, who group opposite the three spirits.*)

Life. Now once again let all stand side by side, while the clock ticks our closing hour here, and listen to the spokesman of our class,, our valedictorian.

Valedictorian.

Classmates, to us the present hour is full
Of triumph and of hope; and yet it bears

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A sorrowful significance as well.

When we must part, and farewells must be said,

Then only does the realization come—

How close and dear the old companionship!

Sudden regret wells up. But in truth,

Sorrowful parting does not lack its vision.

We know that wheresoever we may go,

We'll hear those voices ever in our souls,

We'll bear their teaching ever in our hearts.

And, classmates, when we chance to meet each
other,

Together we will joyfully recall

Our songs and lessons here, our plays and sports,

And all our unforgotten childhood friends.

And if it be our fortune not to meet,

Alone each faithful heart will echo still,

The inspiration of our comradeship.

Now as our parting valedictory

Let us repeat in unison once more

The poet's golden thought of human love.

All the graduates.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow forever and forever.

Memory. As it was in the beginning,

Life. Is now,

Prophecy. And ever shall be.

All (singing). World without end. Amen!
Amen!

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